

THE

Hudson Illustrated

WITH

Pen and Pencil;

COMPRISING

SKETCHES, LOCAL AND LEGENDARY, OF ITS SEVERAL PLACES OF INTEREST

TOGETHER WITH THE



ROUTE TO NIAGARA FALLS;

FORMING A

COMPANION FOR THE PLEASURE TOURIST.

"Froud stream! the birchen barks that went of old
From cove to cove to shoot athwart thy tide,
The quivered nations, eloquent and bold,
Whose simple fare thy shores and depths supplied,
Are passed away; and men of other mould
Now o'er thy bosom their wing'd fabrics guide;
All white with sails thy keel-thrugged waters flow,
Through one rich lapse of plenty to the sea."

The deep Missouri hath a fiercer song,
The Mississippi pours a bolder wave,
And with a deafning crash the torrent strong,
From the linked lakes, leaps to Niagara's grave;
Yet, when the storm-king smites his thundering gong,
Thy hills reply from many a bellowing cave;
And when with smiles the sun o'erlooks their brow,
He sees no stream more beautiful than thou."

New York:

T. W. STRONG, 98 NASSAU STREET.

1852.

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The Hudson Illustrated.



SCARCELY are there to be found more favorite resorts of pleasure tourists, than the various rural retreats that deck the margin of the Hudson. This magnificent river, which takes its rise about two hundred and fifty miles North of New York, in a mountainous country, on the confines of Canada, has been, not inaptly, styled the Rhine of America. If its historic associations are fewer, its claims to romantic and picturesque beauty are scarcely surpassed by

any of the classic streams of the Old World. It abounds with scenery of the most exquisite beauty and sublimity. Its placid waters peacefully glide along their meandering course through varied scenes of

"Hill and dale, fountain and fresh shade ;"

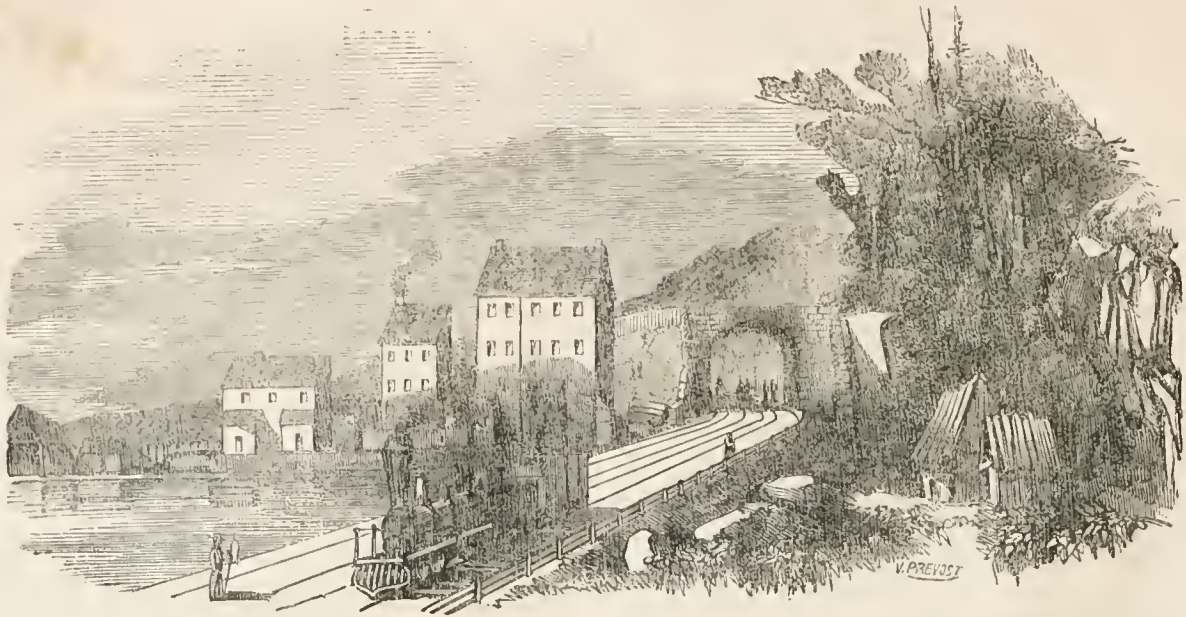
now winding round the base of palisades and highlands, and now among leafy meadows, where Nature, when in her autumnal vestments, arrays herself in the pomp and magnificence of rainbow hues and brilliant dyes. Who can gaze unmoved upon such varied fascinations? Harriet Martineau confessed that if she were a New Yorker she would devote one half her hours to the contemplation of its clustered charms. Besides its physical beauties, however, the Hudson is consecrated by hallowed memories of some of the most heroic and touching passages in the story of our War of Independence. It was on the Hudson, also, that the incipient experiment of propelling a vessel by steam was first achieved, and ere half a century has elapsed, it bears upon its bosom a thousand floating palaces, whose keels divide the limpid waters with such wondrous speed.

It is somewhat remarkable that this noble river, so rife with all that inspires poetic sentiment, should, to a great extent, have failed to have awakened the raptures of the poet, or enlisted the magic pencil of the artist; and this is but rendered the more conspicuous, when it is remembered that it is one of the great highways of commerce, as well as the chosen route of thousands of pleasure tourists. It is with the view of supplying this deficiency that we propose to group together, by pen and pencil, the manifold attractions presented to the eye of those who may make the tour of the Hudson, that the following pages have been prepared. Before, however, we commence our *ad libitum* tour, suffer us to enact the cicerone for the good old city from which we propose to start, and take a glance at some of its leading objects of interest.

Of the antiquities of the city of New York, little need be said, for very few now exist; almost every vestige of the past having been annihilated by the utilitarian spirit of the age, or the mouldering hand of Time. One of the most remarkable relics of past days, still extant, is the Walten House, in Pearl Street, Franklin Square; it was built in 1754, by William Walten, a wealthy English merchant. It is a spacious mansion, and exhibits evidences of a style of splendor, in which we are unaccustomed to believe our sturdy forefathers indulged. In William Street, midway between John and Fulton Streets, once

stood a little frame house, memorable as being the birth-place of the great American Essayist, Washington Irving. It has recently given place to a stately row of brick buildings. Kennedy House, so called during the war, is situated No. 1 Broadway; it was the head-quarters of Lord Cornwallis, General Clinton, Lord Howe, and other British commanders at that time. John Street derives its name from John Harpendingh, who gave the ground on which the Dutch Church was built, and whose escutcheon is there preserved. Trinity Church, built in the Cathedral style, and which may be regarded as the metropolitan religious edifice, stands on the site of two earlier churches of that name; the first built in 1696, which was destroyed by fire, and the second, erected in 1788, which a few years since has given place to the present beautiful structure. The height of the tower exceeds the length of any ship afloat. A magnificent panorama of the city is presented from the summit, which is ascended by three hundred and eight steps. About one hundred and sixty thousand bodies are said to have been interred in the cemetery, exclusive of the Seven Years' War, when no records were kept. Amongst the most interesting monuments, are those of General Hamilton, and Captain Lawrence, of the "Chesapeake." General Montgomery, who fell at the storming of Quebec, 1775, and Thomas Emmet, are buried in St. Paul's Church-yard. Columbia College, Park Place, is full of classic memories; it was called King's College in the time of the British domination. Of the Merchant's Exchange, and the Custom House, as well as the Astor House, Stewart's, and other imposing edifices of the city, it is not necessary to speak; and we shall at once proceed upon our projected tour in search of the picturesque. Two hundred and forty-three years ago, according to the best chroniclers, Hendrick Hudson, the first European discoverer, made his exploring expedition up this noble river. Like the great Genoese, he was a bold and courageous navigator, and like him too, he encountered not only the perils of the deep, but also suffered from the mutinous disaffection of his crew. During his third voyage of discovery, in 1610, he, with his son, who had accompanied him in all his voyages, was sent adrift in a small open boat, and never after heard of. Most of the mutineers were subsequently massacred by the savages, and a miserable remnant finally reached Ireland. The Hudson has been variously called the River of Mountains, the Great River, and the North River; in early times it was styled the Mohican River, and Irving, in his "Knickerbocker," refers to it by its Indian name, Shatemuck. What a mighty revolution has passed since the days of Hudson! Instead of the wild desolation of the savage, the eye is now greeted on every side by the indications of happy industry and civilization. Great as is the retrospect of the past, the augury of the future is yet more imposing and sublime. The scene from the Battery is one of enchanting beauty. The broad expanse of the Bay of New York, with its embosomed islands to the South, the Heights of Brooklyn on the East, and the shores of New Jersey, with the Bergen Heights, Kil van cull and Newark Bay on the West, present a panoramic picture of surpassing beauty. To the North the noble Hudson courses its majestic way, gleaming with its numerous craft, while the blue distance is bounded by its Highlands or towering ledge of Palisades.

Two modes of conveyance being presented to the tourist, the railroad and the steamboat, those whose object it is to make a pleasant trip up the Hudson, will make choice of the latter, since it affords much superior facilities for enjoying the several objects of interest which lie along its banks. On the opposite shore to New York is Jersey City, or Paulus Hook, which derives considerable importance from its being the starting point of the Philadelphia railroad. Here, also, is the station of the Paterson and Erie railroad, and the Morris Canal, which unites the Hudson with the Delaware at Phillipsburg. This canal is over one hundred miles in extent, and is said to have cost two million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The dock of the Cunard Steamers is located here. A little to the North of Jersey City is Hoboken; a beautiful suburban retreat, much



DOBBS' FERRY.

frequented by the denizens of New York. It is adorned with houses and villas, and has many sinuous and picturesque walks, which are embowered by richest foliage. There is a grotto, with a spring, called the "Sybil's Cave;" and on the headland above, called Castle Point, stands the house and grounds of Colonel Stevens. From this elevation there is a beautiful panoramic view of the "Empire City." The Elysian Fields, with its spreading lawns and luxurious foliage, stretches onward to Weehawken Bluff on the North, and the Bergen Heights on the West. These precipitous acclivities present a wild aspect, being in part composed of huge masses of rock, intersected with brushwood.

The celebrated Duelling Ground, where the fatal rencontre took place between Col. Burr and Gen. Hamilton, in 1804, is on the margin of the river, completely encompassed with rocks, and seems peculiarly adapted in its seclusion as a place for the settlement of the so called affairs of honor. The deeply lamented death of Hamilton was commemorated by the erection of a neat marble monument on the spot, but both it and his remains have been since removed to the cemetery of Trinity Church. On the opposite side of the river is the old States Prison and execution dock. In one of the apartments of the Bayard House, behind this building, is the place where Gen. Hamilton breathed his last, he having been conveyed thither from the scene of his slaughter.

BULL'S FERRY is a shady little nook, a short distance northward. In addition to its orchards and pleasure grounds, its surrounding scenery is exceedingly varied and picturesque.

FORT LEE, a rocky bluff, three hundred feet in height, forms the commencement of the Palisades. These extend about twenty-five miles up the river on the western shore, when they strike back into the country northward. The form of these perpendicular cliffs and the slope beneath them to the water, is exactly similar to those of the northern coast of Ireland, adjoining the Giant's Causeway: the quality of the stone, however, is not the same. It is a species of coarse basalt or trap rock in columnar masses, which are generally of the hexagon form. The height of these majestic ridges varies from two hundred to six hundred feet. They are surmounted by an extended fringe of forest trees as far as the eye can reach, which from their elevated position resemble shrubs rather than tall trees. About half way down to the water's edge, is an acute bank of broken fragments of rock, which from the action of the atmosphere, are occasionally precipitated in large masses. At their base are often to be seen many little sheltered nooks and patches of arable land with cottages and farms. From the top of the cliffs here, the ground descends in a gradual slope to the Hackensack river about five miles distant. Here are still to be found some specimens of the veritable old Dutch population where the language of the fatherland continues to be the ver-

nacular. Receding still farther from the city, the island of Manhattan presents a highly picturesque shore, with its hills and dales adorned with cottages and beautiful villas. The Orphan Asylum is the next building that attracts attention. It is a handsome specimen of the Gothic. The Lunatic Asylum also is seen standing on a high eminence, which commands a delightful view of the East River, Long Island Sound, the Hudson, and surrounding counties. In the rear of this edifice the ruins of a fort still remain, one of the monuments which memorialize the birth of American freedom. On the hill overlooking the river and the valley of Manhattanville is Clermont, one of the most interesting residences on the island, and celebrated as having been once the abode of Joseph Bonaparte. Viscount Courteney, and Mr. Jackson the British minister.

MANHATTANVILLE contains but few houses, but is prettily situated in a valley encompassed by hills and thick woods. It has a dock and is seen to great advantage from the river. It has been stated that some years since in excavating at the mouth of the cove for the projected Canal here, large quantities of timber were laid bare, lying several feet below the level of the river. The wood was sound, universally cedar, and of a dark color, and lay as if a hurricane had passed over the forest and torn it up. From this, it is conjectured that either the river has increased in elevation during a long lapse of years, or that those trees were the remains of an antediluvian world. The geologist, however, will doubtless dissent from the former opinion, since the evidences existing on the west side of the river especially, in the substrata, would immediately conflict with it. It is curious to remark that for nearly thirty miles up the Hudson, the western shore presents uniformly either some variety of trap rock, conglomerate or secondary formation, while the eastern abounds in primitive or granite rock, as also the entire island of Manhattan. From Manhattanville to Fort Washington are a range of finely wooded heights, sweeping gracefully to the shore. The mounds of the old fort are still to be seen. The view from there is one of the finest in the vicinity of New York. Fort Washington is a spot of some celebrity in the Revolutionary annals. When the army retreated to White Plains, it was decided to leave a garrison here under Colonel Magan, to prevent the enemy from ascending the river. It was attacked by the British ship of war "Mercury," but a well directed shot caused a speedy retreat, and to save the lives of the crew she was run on shore, opposite to where now stands the seventh mile stone on the Bloomingdale road, but soon after fell off and sank in deep water. Several attempts have been made by means of a diving bell, to recover some of her armament and stores, but without much success. The attack upon the fort was made from four different points by the British and Hessians. The loss to the British amounted to about

twelve hundred men, but the spirited defence in consequence of a deficiency in ammunition availed nothing; the garrison, composed of twenty-six hundred militia and regular troops surrendered. This serious loss spread a gloom over the American cause. The surrender of Fort Lee followed soon after. About two miles above Fort Washington is Spuyten Duyvel Creek. It takes its name from the following circumstance which is humorously related in Knickerbocker's History of New York. It is in substance as follows:—"On the arrival of the English under the command of Col. Nichols, who with the authority of the British Crown, claimed the city of New Amsterdam, Antony Van Corlear, the renowned trumpeter of the chivalrous Governor Stuyvesant, was despatched to sound the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx, startling the wild solitudes of Croton, arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawken and Hoboken, the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay and the brave boys of Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow, together with all the warriors of the country round about, charging them one and all to sling their powder horns, shoulder their fowling pieces and march merrily down to the Manhattoes. It was a dark and stormy night when the good Antony at the famous creek, (sagely denominated Harlem river,) which separates the island of Manhattan from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in a roar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vaped like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hasty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously he would swim across *en spight der Duyvel*, (in spite of the devil,) and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! scarce had he buffeted half way over when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters; instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast, sank forever to the bottom."

The next spot of interest on the Eastern shore is Philipsburgh, or Yonkers. Fordham Heights, and Tetard's Hill, in this vicinity, are memorable spots in our revolutionary history. It is a neat little village. In the struggle for independence, this was a manor belonging to the family from whom it derives its name, and equal to a German principality in extent. The possessor, however, clinging to the side of the Mother country, the property became confiscated, and has since been divided and subdivided among many proprietors. The spire of its church rising above the trees, and the fine old stone mansion surrounded by a grove of Chestnut trees, give to this village a beautiful effect as seen from the water.

DOBBS' FERRY, which derives its name from the ferry used to across the river during the Revolutionary War, was a place of considerable importance during that eventful epoch. Piermont, on the Western shore, so called from its pier, which is a mile in length, is where the New York and Erie Railroad commences. A ferry connects it with the Dearman Station and the Hudson River Railroad. In the immediate vicinity, is Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving. It is surrounded

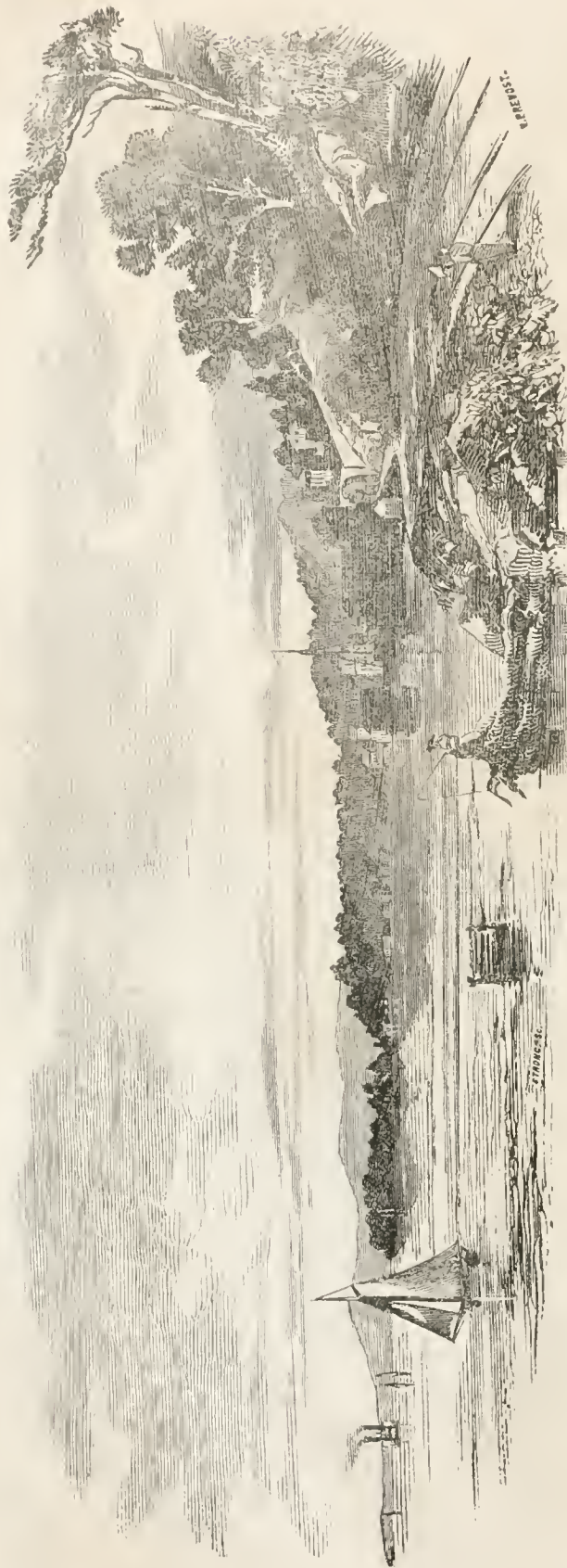
with foliage, in one of the most enehanting little nooks on the river. The house has been restored and beautified by Mr. Irving. It stands on the site of the famous "Wolfert's Roost" of the olden time. It was built by Wolfert Ecker, an ancient burgher of the town, and afterward came into the possession of Jacob Van Tassel, one of the "race of hard-headed, hard-handed, stout-hearted Dutchmen, descended of the primitive Netherlands."

TAPPAN is memorable from the tragic fate of Colonel Baylor's regiment there. They occupied a large barn in the village, and in the dead of night during their slumbers, through the negligence of an out-post, they were surprised and massacred without quarter by the British, under Gen. Grey. Here the river spreads, forming what is called Tappan Bay, or Tappaan Zee, as the Dutch styled it—where they cautiously took in sail or seldom navigated except in smooth water. The village of Tappan will also ever be an object of deep interest from its connection with the history of the conspiracy of Arnold and the wretched fate of his accomplice Andre. The site of the execution of the latter, and the place of his burial, is situated about a mile from the town, and is pointed out to the traveller. The story of Arnold's conspiracy is in brief as follows:

At Tarrytown, which is about a mile beyond Tappan, on the Eastern shore, is a Dutch Church, nearly two hundred years old; it is near this place where Major Andre was captured by Paulding, Van Wart and Williams, of the militia. A monument is erected to the memory of Van Wart, who died some time since. It stands by the road-side in a retired valley in the town of Greenbush, about three miles from Tarrytown. Benedict Arnold distinguished himself from the commencement of the war for his extraordinary bravery and intrepidity. He had succeeded in the bold and difficult attempt to invade the Canadas from the State of Maine, where the sufferings of himself and soldiers excited the universal sympathies of the Nation towards him; and up to the time of his being appointed to the command of West Point, in Nov. 1779, he enjoyed the highest confidence. Offended, however, at the reproof of Washington, for certain acts of dishonesty which it is said his excessive cupidity had betrayed him into, he formed the treacherous and base plan for delivering the Fortress at West Point into the hands of the British. The residence of Gen. Arnold was at the house of Col. Robinson, who had relinquished it and joined the Royal Army. It was here the proposal was first made. Major Andre and Col. Robinson were the agents on the part of the British, with whom Arnold also held frequent communications from on board the Sloop of War Vulture. Major Andre was at that time twenty-nine years of age. From his excellent accomplishments and cultivated taste for the fine arts, and his proficiency in most of them, as well as his rapid progress in military rank and reputation, he had secured to himself the respect and marked esteem of the British Army. There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. In early life he had formed an attachment to a young lady in England, the marriage of whom with a more successful rival, drove him disappointed to the bustling pursuits of the Camp. But in the height of his military career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of his prosperity and all his expectations of ambition were blasted. On Sept. 23, 1780, the day following the fatal interview with Arnold, as he was conveying the communications for the British Commander in New York, he was met by the three men before named, whom Andre, believing to belong to the British, confessed that he did also; upon which they seized him. But although he presented afterwards his passport from Arnold, this but excited their further suspicion, and they consequently commenced searching him, when they discovered the treasonable papers secreted in his stockings. He was conducted forthwith to Col. Jameson, tried by a court-martial at the head of which was Gen. Lafayette, and finally executed as a Spy, near Tappan, on the 2d of October. Major Andre had many friends in the American Army, and even Washington is reported to have shed tears over the warrant for his execution. Every possible effort was made by Sir Henry Clinton in his favor, but it was deemed important that the decision of the



DEARMAN



TARRYTOWN.

Board of War should be carried into execution. Poor Andre's last request to Washington was that he might be shot rather than die on a gibbet. Had Andre alone been the party concerned, this appeal had secured his pardon; but the British refusing to give up Arnold, Washington had no alternative. His remains were removed some years since from their first resting place by desire of George IV. when Regent, and re-interred in the Mausoleum erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. The place of his interment at Tappan was originally marked by one solitary eypress. On disinterment, the roots of the tree were found to have entwined themselves around the skull of the deceased. This tree has since been transplanted into the Royal Gardens at Windsor Castle. A strange coincidence is recorded of the tree under which Andre was captured. On the very day the news was received at Tarrytown, July 31, 1801, it was destroyed by lightning. The execrable Arnold, who escaped to the British Camp, received as the reward of his perfidy the rank of Brigadier General and a grant of £10,000. He died at Gloucester Place, London, in 1801. His four surviving children also each receive an annuity of £100 from the British Government.

In the neighborhood is SLEEPY HOLLOW with its murmuring brook. It is a spot rendered famous for the woes and mishaps that in its precincts fell upon the luckless head of Ichabod Crane in his pursuit after the broad lands and blooming person of Katrina Van Tassel. For aught that is said to the contrary, the headless horseman may still awake the sleepy echoes in his nocturnal rambles. But where are Brom Bones and his better half? This secret doubtless yet remains, like the house of Van Tassel, in the possession of the amusing historiographer, whose skill in Dutch lore is only perhaps equalled by his exquisite taste in the decoration of his present Dutch domain. As every one is supposed to have read the legend of Sleepy Hollow, it is needless for us to recite it here.

On the opposite shore to Tarrytown, is the little village of NYACK, which is snugly ensconced at the base of a high cliff. Returning again to the Eastern shore, we might mention, that the County of Westchester, extending along the river as far as the Highlands, during the Revolutionary War lay between the outposts of the contending armies, and was a scene of elustering woes to the inhabitants. Many of the most stirring scenes in Cooper's "Spy" are laid in this debatable ground.

SING SING, or Mount Pleasant, is an improving village situated on a steep acclivity and commanding an extensive view of the river and adjacent Highlands. There is here also a Sleepy Hollow, or clove, which some erroneously believe to be that mentioned in the Sketch Book. Sing Sing was originally so called from the Chinese City, Tsing Tsing, which was given to this place by a Dutch merchant who traded with China. This is where the imposter Matthias practised his cheats. Folger and his wife, it is said, still remain here: these were among his devotees. They have, however, long since ceased to suffer the obloquy due to their former folly and fanaticism. The new State Prison stands on the edge of the water, a little to the south of the village. It has an imposing appearance from the river, resembling more some impregnable fortress rather than a receptacle for felons. It is very extensive, measuring four hundred and eighty feet in length, forty-four feet in width, and is five stories high. It has also two wings, three hundred feet in extent, and includes a spacious Chapel and Governor's House. It is capable of containing about one thousand prisoners, allowing to each a solitary cell. It is built of coarse white marble which is found in abundance in neighboring quarries. The entire edifice was erected by the prisoners at the cost of two hundred thousand dollars. Much of the marble in this quarry is in a state of decomposition; it will crumble with the touch. The prisoners are apprenticed to various trades, and it is curious to inspect the many branches of handicraft carried on at this institution. The produce from this source has been more than sufficient to defray the expenses of the establishment, occasionally, indeed, yielding a large surplus. During the past year its surplus is seventeen thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars. The surrounding scenery of Sing Sing is very picturesque.



BELISE'S QUARRY.

The Chappequa Springs are situated about a mile to the East of Sing Sing. The prisoners are not allowed to hold intercourse with each other, and after their hours of work, are doomed to solitary confinement. A large portion of the prisoners at Sing Sing are employed in the quarries and the construction of masonry work in various parts of the town. On the opposite side of Tappan Bay, is seen a majestic headland looming up from the water; it is called Verdrige's Hook. On this mountain is a crystal lake over two miles in circumference, and at an elevation of three hundred feet from the Hudson. It is ROCKLAND LAKE, and forms the source of the Hackensack River. This Lake supplies large quantities of transparent ice to the city. TELLER'S POINT juts out into the river from the mouth of the Croton, and separates Tappan from Haverstraw Bay. The view from this spot presents every variety of the beautiful in river



SING SING.

o-lake scenery. Haverstraw Village is on the West side of the Bay. This town includes Grassy Point and Stony Point, with the old Forts of Clinton and Montgomery, so celebrated in the Revolutionary War. The latter is a bold rough promontory.

The Croton River rises about two miles above Sing Sing, and is conveyed through pipes to the City of New York. The Croton Aqueduct is a splendid piece of masonry. The public works connected with this great enterprise, which was commenced in 1835 and completed in 1842, it is estimated have cost \$14,000,000. The Fountain Reservoir is one hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of tide water. From this source the water is conveyed a distance of two miles, in iron pipes, to the Receiving Reservoir, and thence throughout the city. In its course it passes through tunnels cut out of the solid rock, until it reaches the Harlem river, where it passes over the "High Bridge," one thousand four hundred and fifty feet long, and at an elevation of one hundred and fourteen feet. This aqueduct has a descent of about thirteen inches per mile, and when but two-thirds full of water, discharges sixty millions of gallons per day. The Croton Dam is an object of especial interest, and will repay a visit. Haverstraw, on the Western side of the Hudson, is pleasantly located on an elevated plateau. About three miles to the North, on a jutting headland, is Stony Point.

In the rear of Fort Clinton is Bloody Pond, so called from its having been the place into which were thrown the bodies of those slain in the defence of these forts. Fort Clinton was fortified during the war, and taken from Gen. Wayne by the British in 1778; but on the 15th of July of the following year, it was retaken by this brave man under circumstances of singular difficulty. On passing the last abbatis, he received a wound in the head by a musket ball, notwithstanding which, he insisted on being carried forward, protesting that if he died, he wished it might be in the Fort. Instead of tower and battlement, however, Stony Point is now surmounted by a light-house. The deadly game of war has happily been exchanged for the ennobling and peaceful arts of commerce—the fearful engine of destruction for the beacon of safety.

The fortress of Stony Point commands the waters of the Hudson, which are here contracted into a very narrow channel by the projection of Grassy Point, in the vicinity. The British took advantage of this in order to prevent vessels from passing. But Washington considered it so important that he resolved to take it by the bayonet. For this purpose, he reconnoitred it from the neighboring hills: planned the attack, and appointed Wayne, the well-known "Mad Anthony," to execute it. On the evening of July 15, 1779, that General paraded his two hundred and ninety picked men fourteen miles above Stony Point, and marched them silently through swamps and over highlands, reaching the bank opposite the insulated

fortress, which was erected on the top of that steep conical hill where the light-house now stands. The deep river swept around its front, and it was cut off from the West bank by a morass always covered at high tide. It was garrisoned by five hundred and forty men, and well supplied with military stores. Wayne now explained to his men the plan of attack; for until then they were ignorant of the object of the expedition. Two columns were formed, one under Lieut. Col. Fleury, and the other under Major Stuart. Each was headed by a *forlorn hope*, of twenty men, to clear obstructions. Not a shot was to be fired, and they agreed to kill any man who made disturbance before the assault commenced. In perfect silence the two columns moved breast deep in the water to scale the fort on both sides at once. Just as they were ascending the hill, some confusion aroused the enemy, who poured a storm of lead and iron on the advancing ranks. Wayne was one of the first who fell, being wounded in the head. He cheered on the men, and they rushed forward, scaled the walls, and the columns met in the centre. They were just about to *deploy* to bayonet the gunners, when the firing of the British ceased, and a cry for quarter completed the victory. Fifteen of the Americans were killed, and eighty-three wounded. Sixty-three of the British were killed, and the rest taken prisoners. Wayne immediately wrote to Washington as follows:

"STONY POINT, 2 o'clock, A. M., }
July 16, 1779. }

DEAR GENERAL—The American flag waves here!

Yours truly,

ANTHONY WAYNE."

The beautiful edifice here seen from the river, is the Academy kept by Messrs. Plippen.

VERILANK'S POINT is on the Eastern side, which forms another acute angle on the river. Here a fort was also erected. The view from this spot is exceedingly beautiful. The passage through the Highlands at West Point, still retains the old name of Wey-gate, or Wind-gate. Nearly opposite stands Gibraltar, or Caldwell's Landing, which forms the commencement of the Highlands.

By wooded bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, eot, a sweet surprise
At every turn the vision breaks upon;
Till to our wondering and uplifted eyes,
The Highland rocks and hills in solemn grandeur rise.

It is here some credulous people, in days gone by, whose cupidity exceeded their wit, sought for the supposed sunken treasures of the notorious Captain Kidd.

On the East shore is Peekskill, a picturesque town, beautifully situated, and looking out upon the lofty Dunderbergh, or Thunder Mountain. On the village green is shown the tree on

which Palmer, a British spy in the American camp, was executed in 1779. The magnificent Highlands, the Matteawan mountains of the Indians, now begin to rear themselves in majestic grandeur to the height of from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet. Here the mighty waters of this beautiful river, pent up within the narrow channel of these stupendous mountains, rush impetuously along, seemingly impatient of restraint, while coursing their way onward, they again retire into peaceful slumbers in the deep shadows of the encircling Highlands, and assume the appearance of some beautiful inland lake. This country offers no scenes, perhaps, more grand and sublimely beautiful than those of these Highlands, independently of those associations of ever-enduring interest, which attach themselves to almost every spot of this mountain pass. According to the theory of the late Dr. Mitchell, "this solid barrier of rock, which is sixteen miles wide, and extends along both sides of the Hudson to the distance of twenty miles, in ancient days seems to have impeded the course of the water, and to have raised a lake high enough to cover all the country to Quaker Hill and the Taghkanic Mountains on the East, and to Shawangunk and the Catskills on the West, extending to the Little Falls of the Mohawk, and to the Hadley Falls of the Hudson, but by some convulsion of Nature, the mountain chain had been broken, and thus the rushing waters found their way to the now New York Bay."

During the early part of the war, a gentleman named Wood was residing about seven miles from Peekskill. He was a zealous whig, but the associations and tastes of his English wife, caused her prejudices to decide in favor of the loyalists. Among the inmates of the family, was Miss Monierieffe, a visitor from New York, and the daughter of Major Monierieffe of the English army. This lady was young, of surpassing beauty, fascinating manners, and possessed of rare accomplishments, with intellectual gifts of a high order. Her beauty, the care and richness lavished upon her dress, combined with her pleasing attainments, dazzled all those who came within the range of her influence, and Mr. Wood's house soon became the resort of all those who could obtain the acquaintance of this beautiful and spirited girl. Among the visitors who thronged around the brilliant lady, were several officers of the American army. It was not in the power of these to resist the enslaving charms of their beautiful countrywoman, and they were delighted to find that her sentiments sympathized with the patriotic cause, and listened with unqualified pleasure to the words of patriotism from lips so fair, and to the approbation of one to whom it was not in their power to resist doing homage. She encouraged conversation upon the state of the country and its prospects, and so unrestrained became their connection, that confidential disclosures were made to her from time to time, and by insinuating questions, she would often learn all the plans and movements in contemplation to circumvent the enemy.

Miss Monierieffe was an excellent equestrian. She rode out every day, sometimes accompanied, but oftener alone. She could ride any horse, however spirited, and usually went abroad in a magnificent costume, that from its exceeding beauty and singular style, received much comment. One morning, as she was taking her accustomed ride alone, on passing a farm-house, the barking of a dog that suddenly sprang into the road, frightened the horse. The animal started aside; she was thrown to the ground and so severely stunned as to be entirely insensible. The people ran out from the house, and lifting her up, carried her in and laid her on a bed. While endeavoring to restore her, they unbuttoned the vest of her riding habit, to allow her to breathe more freely, when a letter fell out, which was picked up and laid on the table. It was not long before she began to recover consciousness, and in a few minutes was fully restored to her senses. Suddenly observing the open flaps of her vest, she started up in great agitation, exclaiming—

"Who unbuttoned my waistcoat? Where is the letter? ah, I am lost—lost!"

A woman at her side took up the letter and was about to



PRISONERS AT SING SING.

hand it to her, when a man standing by, whose suspicions were aroused by the strangeness of her manner, sprang forward and seized it. With the greatest alarm and anxiety, she begged him to return it, but as he observed it was addressed to New York, and more and more suspicious from the over anxiety of her manner, he positively refused to deliver it up, until its contents should be known. Finding her efforts to obtain the letter in vain, and having received no injury from her fall, she was obliged to mount her horse and depart without it.

There was now but one course for her to pursue. An exposure of the contents of the letter would prove her ruin. She immediately began to prepare for returning to New York, but before she could get ready to depart, a party of soldiers rode up and entered the house, and the officer informed her that she must be considered as a prisoner, and be conducted to the designation pointed out by his orders.

It was ascertained that the letter thus opportunely discovered, contained information relative to an intended movement of the American army. It was proved in the examination, that the young lady was in the habit of sending her British friends the information she acquired in her intercourse with the young American officers, who, supposing her to be actuated by a strong interest in the cause they espoused, had confided to her the secrets of the army. When she wrote a letter, she concealed it in the vest of her riding habit, and riding by an appointed spot, contrived to drop it upon the ground unseen, when it was immediately picked up by an accomplice hid in the bushes, and then conveyed from hand to hand, until it reached New York. All this came to light by the confession of the accomplice himself.

Miss Monierieffe was detained as a prisoner. Her countrymen, not disposed to deal harshly with one so young, beautiful and accomplished, postponed her trial from time to time, until at last she was given up to her friends.

OSCAWANA and ABBOTT'S POINT TUNNELS, which are cut through the solid rock at the entrance of Peekskill, extend four hundred and fifty feet. It is a work of marvellous and herculean labor. About a mile beyond is Peekskill, opposite which is Caldwell's Landing, situate at the base of the Dunderberg, or Thunder Mountain. We have now fairly entered the Highlands. In consequence of the sinuous course of the river, narrowed as it is on either side by these impending rocks, causing the current to run with great rapidity, it is usually called the "Horse Race." There are several curious legendary tales of the early Dutch settlers belonging to this spot. Among others allusion may be made to that of the storm ship, recorded in Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." In the golden days of Wouter von Twiller, otherwise called the doubtful, the quiet people of the Manhattoes were thrown into the greatest consternation by the appearance of a ship which was seen during a tremendous storm, to enter the bay and pass up the Hudson as far as the Highlands, when it suddenly vanished over the hills. But although it was distinctly seen by the numerous bystanders, who repeatedly hailed her, and notwithstanding a salute was fired



PRISONERS QUARRYING AT SING SING.

from the garrison by Hans van Pelt, no effect was produced. The shot was absolutely seen to pass through the vessel, and in vain did they endeavor to board her; the ship with her crew eluded their best efforts, and finally disappeared over the Highlands. This very extraordinary spectacle threw the worthy Governor into a haze of the profoundest doubts, which at length, however, evaporated with the fumes of numerous pipes, and finally resolved into the belief of the ship having been that of the ghost of Hendrick Hudson and his crew. For a long time the phantom ship was seen to revisit the same spots to the terrible discomfiture of the redoubtable Dutch, and disappear as at first, among the Highlands, where it is believed, the mysterious voyagers held their ghostly gambols.

Two miles beyond, a beautiful little cascade comes foaming and tumbling down the rocks, nearly one hundred feet, called the *Buttermilk Falls*, from their whiteness. Several large flour mills are supplied by these waters. Opposite to these, is Beverly House, where Arnold met Andre, and concocted his treasonable plans.

WEST POINT is, to every lover of his country, hallowed ground. It is consecrated by cherished memories of the heroic patriotism of our forefathers. Some of the severest struggles in our war of Independence took place in this vicinity; and these grand old rocks once reverberated with the booming of cannon and the clash of arms. The rocky fastnesses then served, in part, for impregnable fortresses; the clustered foliage and the bright blue heavens above, fired the brave hearts of the warriors with hopes of victory. Great names, that must ever live in our country's story, belong to this battle-ground,—the noble virtues of Kosciusko and Lafayette, as well as Arnold's treachery and Andre's hapless fate. Near the margin of the river, in a retired nook in the clefts, rises a white marble shaft, beneath which reposes the great Polish chieftain.

The following interesting anecdotes of Washington we transcribe from an admirable work, just published, entitled "*Romance of the Revolution*," comprising personal incidents and details of remarkable interest, some of which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere. The incidents we are about to relate, occurred at West Point, during the early part of the revolutionary struggle.

"The sun had just passed its meridian, when an American officer was seen slowly wending his way along one of the unfrequented roads up the mountains, in the vicinity of West Point, where the American army was then stationed. The officer was unaccompanied, and as the horse with slow and measured tread moved along the road, with the slackened rein hang-

ing loose upon his neck, his rider seemed buried in a deep reverie. The scene around was one of peculiar beauty; the far mountains heaped up, one above another, against the horizon, and at his feet the Hudson sweeping on with a sweet and placid look. But the thoughts of the traveller were turned inward, and his eyes heeded not the pageant before them, but seemed rather to be reading the dark and obscure future, or trying to penetrate the mysteries which surrounded the present. His thoughts, however, were apparently undisturbed, but only solemn and deep. It would have been impossible for any one to have looked upon his calm, thoughtful brow, the majestic, but benevolent expression of his countenance, the firm contour, though sweet compression of his lips, the mild, penetrating glance of his eye, and the noble proportions of his frame, without detecting the presence of the great WASHINGTON. Presently he drew up before a mansion on the road, dismounted, and approached the house. Almost immediately a door was thrown open, and an aged gentleman in a civilian's dress, rushed forth and greeted the comer with many, seemingly, earnest protestations of welcome.

The family in which Washington, on this occasion, was received, was one he had frequently been in the habit of visiting. During the stay of the army at West Point, he often dined with its members, and with its head he had at first reposed confidence and friendship. But many suspicions of his honesty were whispered about, and in some quarters he was openly accused of treachery to the American cause. To these suspicions Washington would not heed, but having been invited to dine with him on a certain day and at a certain hour, and this invitation being pressed with so much over-earnestness, and accompanied with an insinuation, that his appearance with a guard was an indication of his want of confidence in his friend's fidelity, and urged to give a proof of his unchanged belief in his honesty, by coming unattended to partake with him a private dinner, Washington's suspicions at last became fully aroused, and he resolved, by accepting the invitation, to prove at once the truth or falsehood of the suspicions entertained against him. It was to fulfil this engagement that Washington, on the occasion we have described, proceeded to the residence of his suspected friend.

The time appointed for the dinner was two o'clock, but it was not later than one when Washington dismounted at the door of his host. He had an especial object in this early arrival. The host proposed to occupy the interim before dinner, by a walk on the piazza. Here conversation occupied the time, and it soon became apparent to the chief that his host's manner

was exceedingly nervous and excitable. Without revealing this knowledge, Washington continued the discourse, and, while he carefully avoided betraying his suspicions, he skillfully led the conversations to such subjects, that would be most likely to cause his companion to betray his agitation. So poor an actor was he, and so often was his conscience probed by the apparently innocent remarks of the commander-in-chief, that his nervousness of manner became so marked as to give the greatest pain to Washington, at this proof of the infidelity of one on whom he had once reposed unlimited confidence. The American commander in commenting upon the different beauties of the landscape that surrounded them, pointed out the spot where lay the encampment of the enemy, at the same time remarking upon the extraordinary lack of principle that could induce men of American birth to forego the interests of their country, and every consideration of holy patriotism, to enrol themselves among their country's invaders for no other temptation than a little glittering gold. Before the penetrating look which Washington fixed upon him while making these remarks, the guilty traitor quailed, but at this juncture, he was relieved by the sound of approaching horses, and as both guest and host turned to the direction whence the sound proceeded, a company of dragoons in British uniforms appeared upon the brow of the hill, and galloping rapidly along the road towards the house.

"Bless me, sir!" exclaimed Washington; "what cavalry are these approaching the house?"

"A party of British light horse," rejoined his trembling host, "who mean no harm, but are merely sent for my protection!"

"British horse sent here while I am your guest!" said Washington with startling sternness, as he turned upon his host with an air of command that awed and caused to quail the little soul of the betrayer before the mighty spirit that he had aroused. "What does this mean, sir?" continued Washington, as a terrible look gathered upon his brow.

By this time the troops had arrived, and they were seen dismounting from their horses. This gave courage to the trembling traitor.

"General," said he, approaching his guest, "General, you are my prisoner."

"I believe not," replied Washington, his manner having regained its former calmness, "but, sir, I know that you are *mine*! Officer arrest this traitor!"

In bewildering consternation the treacherous hypocrite looked from Washington to the men; the one an American officer, and the others seemingly British soldiers. But the puzzle was soon solved. Washington had ordered a company of Americans to disguise themselves as British cavalry, and to arrive at the mansion designated, at a *quarter before two*, by which means he would be enabled to discover the innocence or guilt of the suspected person. The issue proved his suspicions were well founded, and the mode he adopted for detecting the plot admirably displayed his great sagacity. The false friend was handed over to the keeping of the soldiers, and conducted to the American camp as a prisoner. He afterwards confessed that he had been offered a large sum to betray Washington into the hands of the English; and at the hour of two, a party of British horse would have surrounded the house, and captured the American chief. At first, Washington meditated making a severe example of the man, but he yielded to the earnest solicitations of his family, and pardoned him.

The aim of the traitor Arnold was not confined to the surrender of West Point alone. He had projected the betrayal, into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, of Washington himself, Lafayette, and of the principal staff officers. A trifling circumstance caused its failure. Arnold had invited Washington to dine with him the very morning the plot was discovered, and Washington was only prevented from being present by the urgent request made to him by an old officer, near to whose station he passed, that he would remain the night with him; and next morning inspect some works in the neighborhood. Washington, accordingly, dispatched an aid from his suite to make excuses to Arnold. The messenger arrived at West Point the next morning, and breakfasted with Arnold. During the repast, a letter was received, the superscription of which no sooner met the eyes of Arnold, than he hurried from the table; and, in a few minutes afterwards, was on his way to New York. This letter contained information of the arrest of Andre. In the meantime, Washington, with his staff, was seated at the table of the officer whose invitation had delayed the visit to West Point, when a despatch was brought to the chief which he opened, read, and laid down without comment. No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. After some minutes, he beckoned to Lafayette, arose from the table, and followed by the young Frenchman, proceeded to an inner apartment, where he placed the fatal



ROCKLAND LAKE.



OSCAWANA TUNNEL.

despatch, which revealed the perfidy of Gen. Arnold in his hands, and then giving way to an uncontrollable burst of feeling,—fell on his friend's neck and wept aloud. "I believe," said Lafayette, "this was the only occasion throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle, that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and, perhaps, I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that gave rise to his emotion; and when we returned to his staff, not a trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency." So true it is, that of all human reverses, the betrayal of confidence on the part of one who has been implicitly trusted, is, to a generous nature, the hardest and bitterest to bear."

West Point is a central spot, for the eye is greeted on every side by an ever-varying succession of beauties. On either bank majestic mountains rear their lofty crests—those of Fishkill, Peekskill, Beacon Hill, and Anthony's Nose; while the blue Catskill range bounds the dim horizon in the North.

'Tis sweet to linger here at close of day,
While shadows lengthen on the mountain side;
The sunbeams start from peak to peak away,
And white sails gleam along the dusky sky.

The christening of "Anthony's Nose," is described by Washington Irving in the story of the Dutch governor's first voyage up the Hudson, as follows:—"Just at this moment, the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind one of the high cliffs of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, (the governor,) he, as may be well supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood. and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since." From here to Fort Montgomery, which is now in ruins, on the opposite side, a large boom and chain was extended during the Revolutionary War, which cost about seventy thousand pounds sterling. It was partly destroyed by Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, in October, 1777. Had we space to dilate upon such matters, the legendary lore with which poetry and romance have invested these hoary rocks, might prove a pleasing theme to the lover of the wild and wonderful.

What though no cloister grey nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear!
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of tyrants tell of superstition here,—
There's not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary,
But treasures up the memories of Freedom's story.

The Highlands of the Hudson, like the Catskill range, evince traces of the warlike sons of the forest, when they held undisputed sway. Here have also been discovered traces of extinct animals of gigantic size—the fossil remains of Mammoths. What a new and strange phase in human history would be supplied, had the red men bequeathed to us their chronicles; but they have vanished, and have left us to conjecture for the most part, the details of their life story. Had we those records, it is to be feared they would be written in blood, and though they might charm some with their chivalry and heroism, yet it is better that the peaceful silence which now is undisturbed, save by the plashing of the steamer's paddle, or the shriek of the locomotive should echo from these hills, rather than the fierce war-whoop of the sanguinary savage. There is a fascination about these rocky heights which holds us spell-bound, and which the pen strives in vain adequately to describe.

The moon looks down on old Crow Nest,
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut boughs and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark,—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the mists of the gathering tempest rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam,
In an eel-like, spiral line below.
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaints of the mourning whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and skies in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with eliek and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak;
And he has awakened the sentry-elve,
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry.

In addition to its magnificent views as seen from its grand amphitheatre of terraced rocks, with its steep declivities, shelving precipitously to the edge of the waters, its luxuriant foliage and seething cascades,—here are to be seen the Military Academy, the fine old ruin of Fort Putnam, and the picturesque little church of the Holy Sacraments, which stands on the edge of an emerald slope, half hidden among the trees. This edifice was built by Weir, the artist, who resides here. Lossing, in his admirable "Field Book of the Revolution," has devoted much curious research touching the historical remains of this spot. Instead of going into details about the military establishments at West Point, we prefer to cite a passage from the author. "In the centre of the court of the Artillery Laboratory, is a group of great interest, consisting of a large brass mortar, mounted, which was taken from the English when

Wayne captured Stony Point; two small brass mortars taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga, and a portion of the famous chain which the Americans stretched across the river at West Point to obstruct the passage of the vessels of the enemy. The links are made of iron bars two and a half inches square, averaging in length a little over two feet, and weigh about one hundred and forty pounds each. The chain was stretched across the river at the narrowest point between the rocks just below the steamboat landing and Constitution Island, opposite. It was fixed to huge blocks on each shore, and under the cover of batteries on both sides of the river. The remains of these are still visible."

There is a curious story told of a soldier of Fort Putnam, exemplifying the effects of fear upon the human frame in a remarkable manner. "On the face of one of the precipitous cliffs in the neighborhood, an eagle had built her nest, and a party from the garrison undertook to rob her of her young. To effect this, they suspended one of their comrades from the top of the rock by a rope tied about his waist, lowering him down until he came within reach of the prize. While thus hanging in mid-air, the mother bird, in defence of her brood, made a furious attack upon him, and he, to defend himself, used his hanger, when, making an unlucky stroke, he severed two out of three of the strands of the rope by which he was suspended, and the remaining one began rapidly to untwist: in this horrible situation, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces, and wild with terror, he called lustily upon his comrades for succor. They had barely time to haul him in over the precipice ere it had been too late. The excessive agony of fear he had endured, caused his hair to change from a dark color to a pure white in less than twenty-four hours." Opposite to West Point is the rock called the Sugarloaf Mountain, to the North of which lies the town of Cold Spring, celebrated for its iron foundries. The scenery adjacent is highly picturesque: it abounds with rural spots of great beauty. One of the favorite resorts of visitors is a rocky glen, called Indian Falls. These Falls are entirely hid from the view by the thick foliage, until you come directly upon them. They are situated about a mile from Cold Spring.

On the opposite bank of the river is "Shadyside" or "Ever-shade," the present residence of N. P. Willis, and to form the trio of authorship in this vicinity, we may mention, that on the island between West Point and Cold Spring, is the rural home of Miss Warner, the popular authoress of "The Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy."

UNDERCLIFF, close by, is the country seat of Gen. George P. Morris, whose lyrics have attained such wide celebrity. The selection of a spot of such rare beauty, is of itself an indication of poetic taste, and well suited to awaken a poet's raptures. North of this is Butter Hill, one thousand five hundred and twenty-nine feet in height, and the last of the mountain range on the West. At the first of it may be seen the piece of rock which was rolled from the top in 1778 by a party of soldiers under General Putnam.

On the opposite shore are BULL HILL and BREAKNECK HILL, also mountains of great elevation, greater than any, with the exception of HIGH PEAK, which is one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine feet high. The former of these, as seen from a particular situation, shows the profile of a man's face, and is called the TURK'S FACE. These terminate the range of Highlands on the river. POLOPEL'S ISLAND, situated in the middle of the river at this place, is said to contain numerous snakes, opposite to which are two small villages, called CORNWALL and CANTERBURY. The scenery here presents an agreeable contrast. On the West stands NEW WINDSOR, and on the East FISHKILL with its factories and country seats, together with a view of the Hudson for many miles above. The Fishkill Mountains are very grand. The Grand Sachem is one thousand six hundred and eighty-five feet in height. Large cotton factories are located here, giving employment to three hundred persons. The deep valley, with its cascades and rapids, the village with its neat white dwellings, extensive factories and ornamental churches, overhung by the grand old mountain, render it an object of attraction and interest to the traveller. Again, facing Fishkill, the beautiful village of NEWBURGH, situated on a steep acclivity, has a very imposing aspect. A quarter of a mile South of the village, is an old stone building called HASBROUCK HOUSE, in which Washington wrote his celebrated Newburgh Letters.

At New Windsor, two miles South of Newburgh, Gen. Washington resided during most of the winter of 1776. The house is a low, old fashioned building, a few yards back of the south dock. In October, 1777, New Windsor was the scene of great commotion. The possession of the fortresses was fiercely disputed by the contending parties. Three miles westward may be seen a picturesque old mansion, built in 1775, once the headquarters of Generals Greene and Knox.

NEWBURGH was originally settled by emigrants from Palatine, in 1708. It is built on the declivity of a hill, and presents an imposing aspect as seen from the river. Hasbrouck House,



RAILROAD RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS BETWEEN CROCKER'S LANDING AND VERPLANK.



VIEW OF PEEKSKILL.

the well-known head-quarters of Gen. Washington, as well as the camp-ground, may be seen a little to the South of the town.

"The traveller who wishes to carry away a distinct impression of this section of the Hudson," writes Freeman Hunt, in his "Letters about the Hudson," "will not fail to visit Beacon Hill, opposite Newburgh, the last summit of the Highlands of any altitude, as the range dips off to the north-east. An hour's ride on horseback from Fishkill landing, partly through the fine arable lands of Dutchess, and partly through the luxuriant overhanging foliage of the mountain road, brings you to the summit. A few occasional glimpses through the tufts of trees, with now and then a broader opening at some curve of the wood, beautiful though they be, give you but a slight foretaste of the magnificent *coup d'œil* in reserve for you upon the summit. This summit—a rounded peak of the primitive granite, bare, or only tufted here and there with a few groups of small trees, with no habitations or traces of cultivation upon it, affords a view of a landscape, at once one of the grandest and most beautiful that can be found in the Union. Rising as it does, rather abruptly from the plain on the East bank, the spectator, gazing from its height upon the scene before him to the West and North, is placed as it were upon the boundary—the frame or setting of a magnificent panorama—which is continued by the Highlands in the South, the hills of the Shawangunk range in the West, and the Catskills in the North, quite round the picture. In this fine setting—high, rugged, and frowning on the range where you stand—softer, but still strongly marked as it breaks against the horizon opposite you—faint, indefinable, and shadowy, where it melts in the clear blue sky to the northward—in this fine setting, the materials of the beautiful and picturesque are arranged with all the grandeur, the softness, and beauty of detail, that the most fastidious connoisseur of fine scenery can desire. Before you lies the Hudson, swollen into a lovely expanse or bay of ten miles in length—afterwards narrowing, and meandering away to the North, until it is lost to the eye in the distance—sprinkled through its whole course with the white sails of the numberless vessels that float upon its surface. Sloping away from its banks, rise the fine cultivated lands of the rich old river counties—the clustered villages—the neat farm-houses,

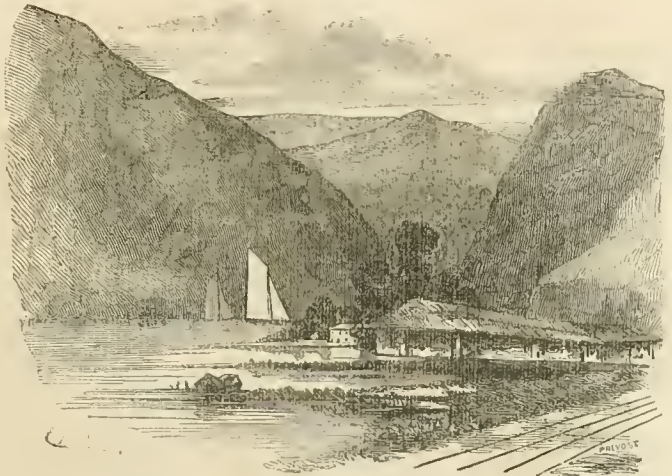
"and hamlets low,

With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,"

and its elegant villas gleaming through the tufts of foliage that surround them. The soft green of the meadows—the deeper tints of the forest masses, scattered here and there through the cultivated lands—the golden hue of the grain fields in mid-summer—and the sparkling lustre of the river and the two small lakes West of Newburgh, which shine like sheets of silver in the rays of the declining sun—all these, with a thousand variations in the grouping of the details, produced by the art of man in a tract of country which yields a luxuriance of vegetation to correspond with its noble river and fine hills—form a picture, such as we may suppose greeted the eyes of Moses when he looked down upon the promised land.

'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall.'

"The valley before us is also interesting to those who are fond of studying the wonderful mutations and revolutions that have taken place upon the face of our continent, as being the supposed bed of a lake of large dimensions, the southern boundary of which was once the Highlands, through which the mass of waters having burst, found their way to the ocean, forming the present channel of the river. Besides the proofs which the man of science finds in the formation of this valley—the various deposits—the organized remains—and the abruptly waved rolling surface in many places—it is remarkable how the idea of its having been the bed of an original lake, impresses itself upon even a general observer placed upon Beacon Hill. The very chain of mountains which meet the horizon, looking in every direction from this point, were, undoubtedly, the banks of this vast body of water—the abrupt, torn passage through



OPENING OF THE HIGHLANDS NEAR PEEKSKILL.

the hills below bearing witness to a sudden convulsion—the rounded boulders of stone scattered over the level plains, and those plains themselves having in their soils all the characteristics of a *deposited* surface—all powerfully serve to the conviction, that you are looking upon the dry bed of a lake of noble dimensions.

"Beacon Hill was a station for the display of bonfires in the revolution, which, from its elevated position, denoted the movements of the enemy to the inhabitants for a great distance through the surrounding counties."

PEEKSKILL is about forty-five miles from New York, and from its pleasant and healthy location, together with its proximity to the city of New York, has become a place of considerable mercantile importance. Two miles from this village stands the dwelling occupied by Gen. Washington, while the American army were encamped in Peekskill. The majestic tree near the Academy, on which Strang was hung for some misdemeanor, still remains; and here, too, is the place where Palmer, an American tory, was executed, by order of Gen. Putnam, whose memorable reply to Gov. Tryon, who wrote for his release, threatening vengeance if he were executed, deserves an enduring record. It briefly—emphatically unfolds the true character of that distinguished hero. The note runs thus:

"Sir—Nathan Palmer, a Lieutenant in your service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was condemned as a spy; and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a spy. I have the honor to be, &c. ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"P. S.—Afternoon. He is hanged."

Not the threats of the British Governor, or the entreaties of Palmer's wife, could change the purpose of the determined General. An old inhabitant states that the man who led the spy, Palmer, to the gallows, afterwards married his widow.

There is a traditionary circumstance which occurred at Peekskill, or rather Courtland, of which Peekskill is the principal village, that placed Major Andre in the path of the captors. "It seems," says Mr. R. E. Ward, "that in the autumn of 1780, a farmer of this village was making cider, having been for a few days released from his country's service to follow his agricultural pursuits. The mill in which he was at work was situated on the East bank of the Hudson, near that part of Haverstraw Bay, called "Mother's Lap." While busily employed in the manufacture of his cider, two young men, Sherwood and Peterson, with their muskets, (the usual accompaniment in those days,) approached the farmer, and after passing the usual salutations, and refreshing themselves with the new cider, seated themselves upon a log that lay near the mill. The farmer observing them in close conversation, and looking very intently on some distant object, asked them the cause of their alarm and anxiety.

"Hush," says Sherwood, speaking low: "the red coats are about us."

"Where?" asked the farmer, in a whisper.

"Yonder, yonder, just within the Lap," answered Peterson, pointing at the same time to a spot where was an English gun-

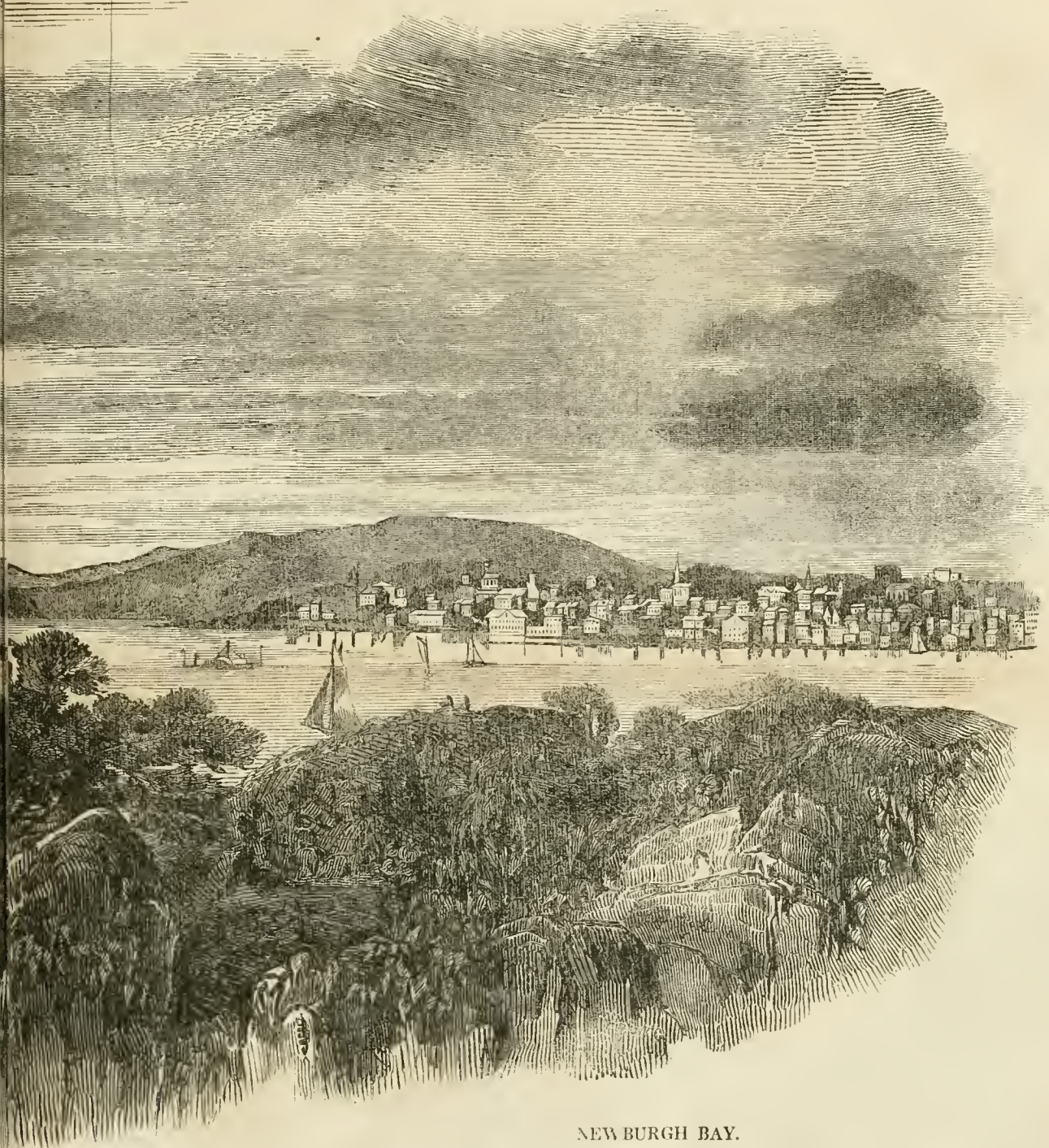


FISHKILL LANDING, AND

boat, with twenty-four men laying upon their oars. 'Return to your mill,' he added; and addressing himself to Sherwood, 'we will crawl to the bank of the river and give the red coats a shot.'

"Peterson and Sherwood drew near the margin of the Hudson, and placed themselves behind a large rock, which was directly between them and the gun-boat. Here, after reconnoitering the situation of the gun-boat, and examining their guns, they fired upon the crew, and killed two persons. The soldiers that manned the gun-boat belonged to the British sloop-of-war Vulture, which lay at anchor in the Hudson, off Teller's Point. Not expecting to meet with the enemy, they had prepared themselves with no weapons of attack or defence, except a

blunderbuss. This they hastily fired towards the shore, but without giving it any particular direction, and of course without producing any effect. Quickly perceiving that all their efforts to defend themselves must be unavailing, as they were contending with a hidden foe, they put their boat about as speedily as possible, and proceeded towards the Vulture, presuming that its heavy arms would secure to them a far better protection from rebel outrage than their own small blunderbuss. In proceeding back to the Vulture, they kept a proper distance from the shore, for the purpose of evading all further annoyance from the rebel muskets. The retreat was made good, and as the sun was just losing himself behind the towering mountains that border the Hudson in the vicinity of Haverstraw Bay, the



NEW BURGHI BAY.

disappointed sailors might have been seen lifting themselves up the side of the Vulture.

"Peterson and Sherwood remained in their place of concealment until some time after the crew of the gun-boat had reached their vessel, expecting that a reinforcement might probably be sent on shore to reconnoitre. But no movement of the kind was made, and they abandoned the rock and rejoined the old farmer at the mill.

"While Sherwood and Peterson were informing the farmer of the result of the skirmish, a man was observed coming down the East bank of the river, just below Callabergh Landing, and cautiously examining everything around him. The stranger had gained the spot nearly opposite where the gun-boat had

been stationed, before he observed the men at the mill; upon discovering them, he retraced his steps for a few rods, and took an easterly course towards Croton River. That man was no less a personage than Major Andre, bearing the traitor Arnold's despatches to the British General. The gun-boat was to have received him at the point where it had been stationed, and conveyed him on board the Vulture. He had conferred with the traitor the evening previous, a few miles below West Point, and after all the necessary arrangements had been made, they separated, the one for his camp and the other for the Vulture. The course of the latter lay along the West bank of the Hudson, about three miles below Caldwell's Landing and opposite Verplank's Point. At that point he crossed the river, and fol-



MAJOR PAULDING'S MONUMENT.

lowed its course until he arrived at the particular spot in the "Lap," where the gun-boat had been stationed to receive him. Having heard the firing, and perceiving that the gun-boat had been forced or frightened off, he was compelled to alter his course, and proceed towards the interior of the County of Westchester. About eleven o'clock on the evening of that day he found himself approaching Crumpond. At that place he took lodgings for the night with a Mr. Smith. The next morning, having procured a horse, he started for New York, determining to travel the distance by land. He crossed the Croton River at Pinesbridge, and at the time of his capture, was passing the Beekman woods, the largest forest in Westchester County.

West Point thus owed its safety, in part, to those who were instrumental in putting Andre in the way of being captured; while, therefore, the proper meed of praise is awarded to Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, and monuments erected to their memory for the agency they had in his capture, the part acted by Sherwood and Peterson, and the agency they had in enabling the capture to take place, should not remain 'unhonored and unsung.'

It should not be forgotten that this is the birth-place of John Paulding, the American farmer, who intercepted Andre, the British spy, at Tarrytown, some fifteen miles below. His monument is situated about two miles North of the village. It is a marble pyramid, fifteen feet high, running to a point, and is enclosed in an iron railing about twelve feet square. The main inscription is on the South side, and runs thus:

"Here reposes the mortal remains of

JOHN PAULDING,

Who died on the 18th day of February, 1818,
in the 60th year of his age.

On the morning of the 23d of September, 1780,
Accompanied by two young farmers of the county of
Westchester,

(Whose names will one day be recorded
on their own deserved monuments.)

He intercepted the British Spy, Andre.

Poor himself,

He disdained to acquire wealth by sacrificing his Country.

Rejecting the temptation of great rewards.

He conveyed his prisoner to the American camp, and

By this act of noble self-denial,

The treason of Arnold was detected:

The designs of the enemy baffled;

West Point and the American Army saved, and these U. S.

Now by the grace of God free and independent,

Rescued from imminent peril."

On the opposite side is written—

"The Corporation
of the
City of New York
Erect this tomb.
as a memorial
Raised to
Public Gratitude."

On the East side is a beautiful wreath engraved on the marble with the word "Fidelity."

DANS-KAMMER POINT, on the western shore, presents the form of a peninsula. Knickerbocker in his narrative of Governor Stuyvesant's passage up the river, says: "Even now I have it on the point of my pen to relate how his crew was most horribly frightened on going on shore above the Highlands, by a gang of merry roystering devils frisking and curveting on a huge flat rock which projected into the river, and which is called the *Duyell's Dans-Kammer* to this day."

The next place of importance is Poughkeepsie, which is situated about midway between New York and Albany, being seventy-four miles from either city. Its settlement by the Dutch took place in 1735. Its name is derived from the Indian word *Apokeepsing*, signifying safe harbor. Its present population is over ten thousand. There are numerous elegant country seats, hotels and public institutions here, also a spacious reservoir. This place is celebrated for its fine ale. There are many very beautiful views in the neighborhood. It stands in the centre of a rich agricultural district, and presents every variety of surface, with the bold Fishkill Mountains in the distance. It has a collegiate institute situated upon the hill to the North. This is an extensive edifice, with excellent appointments, and is admirably arranged with every facility for mental, moral and physical education. A delightful panorama of all the surrounding country is to be seen from this building. Poughkeepsie derives considerable importance from its being the shire town of the county of Dutchess, one of the wealthiest of the Union in the cultivation of soil, minerals and manufactures.

About a mile below the village, on the grounds of Henry Livingston, Esq., is a secluded and romantic cove on the Hudson, called "The Stranger's Grave," which received its name from the following circumstance. Long before the introduction of steamboats on the river, and when the entire transportation was confined to sloops, a foreign vessel, on her way to Albany, cast anchor opposite this cove. Shortly after a boat came on shore, bearing a dead body, for which a grave was immediately prepared in a nook of the cove, beyond the reach of tide mark. The body was silently and sadly interred, and the seamen em-

barked and pursued their course, leaving the wondering spectators of this scene, to their own surmises. A short time elapsed, and a marble tablet was placed at the head of the grave. The deceased was a seaman, a native of Denmark, and had died of fever. The slab bears many masonic emblems, to which order the deceased belonged.

HYDE PARK six miles higher up, originally so called probably in honor of Lady Anne Hyde, Dutchess of York, and subsequently Queen of England, is a very picturesque spot. It is surrounded with extensive parks and noble forest trees, and includes the view of the green hills of Ulster, and the towering summits of the Kaatsbergs, with the long stretching waters of the Hudson. There are numerous country seats in the vicinity, among the most interesting are those of the celebrated family of the Livingstons, several of which are located along these grounds which extend about twenty miles. They are derived from a Scotch peerage. The late Edward Livingston, was an accomplished jurist, whose code of laws drawn up by the direction of the state of Louisiana, has gained him the applause of the world.

Near the village, the "Crum Elbow" creek has a rapid fall, and affords power for extensive water-works. Dr. Bard, Judge Pendleton, Hamilton Wilkes, Thomas Williams, and E. Holbrook, Esqs., with several others, possess beautiful mansions and estates in this vicinity.

PLEASANT VALLEY and SALT POINT, are places of much resort for their rural beauty, as also RED MILLS to the South. The estates of Judge Woodward, and Mr. Langdon, stretch over miles of country in and about Hyde Park.

Several little villages on the opposite side of the river, are scattered along its banks, New Paltz, Pelham, etc.

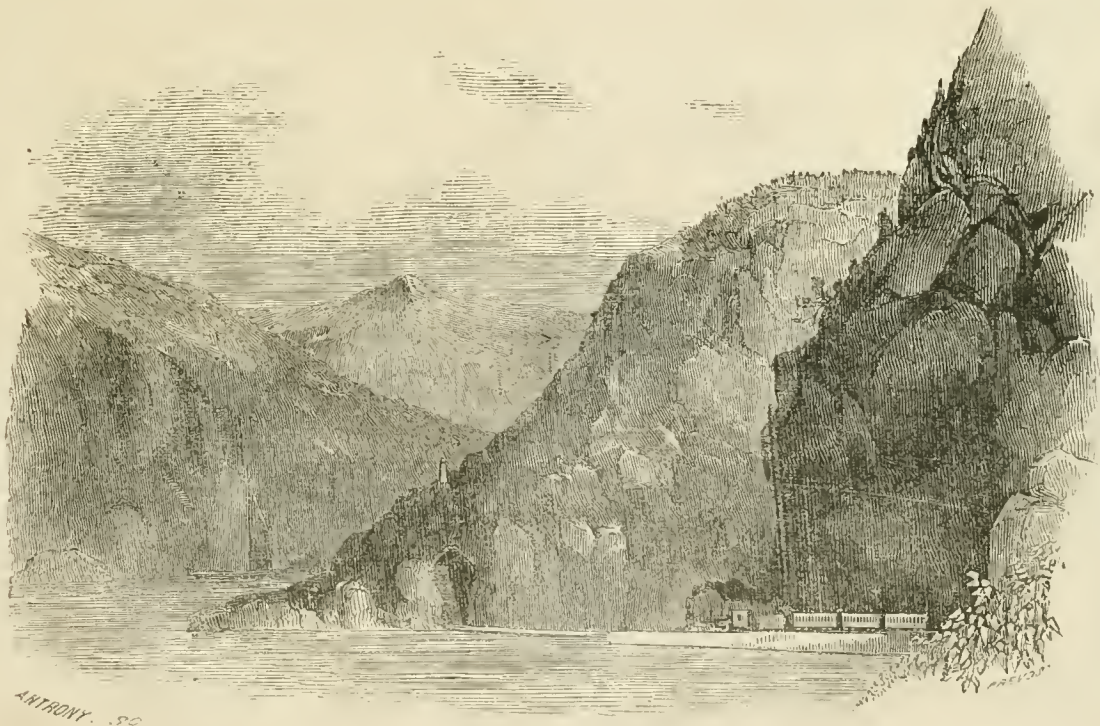
ROUNDOUT, on the left bank of the creek of that name, one mile from the Hudson, was founded in 1828, by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, (whose canal commences near this village,) and is the great depot of their coal, which is brought from the termination of their canal to this place by steam tow boats.

KINGSTON, formerly called Esopus and Wiltwyke, lies upon a sandy plain forty feet above Esopus creek, three miles West of the landing, where the Albany boats stop. After the taking of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, part of the British fleet passed up the Hudson to Kingston, where, to his lasting disgrace, General Vaughan caused the defenceless town to be burned in October, 1777, when great quantities of stores were destroyed.

Here, however, they heard the (to them) appalling news of the capture of Burgoyne.

In the county of Ulster is a cave three-quarters of a mile in length, caused by a stream running under ground. The rock which constitutes the roof and sides of the cave, is a dark colored limestone, containing impressions of shells, calcareous spar, &c. At one end there is a fall of water, the depth of which has never yet been ascertained. At Rhinebeck, also, is a cave, near the Hudson; the entrance of which is narrow, but leading to several spacious apartments, and abounding with columns of stalactites, &c.

STAATSBERG and RHINEBECK are two old German settlements mentioned in the histories of the province as early as 1650. Opposite to the northern point of Magdalen Island is seen the mansion that was formerly the residence of Gen. Montgomery, who fell at the storming of Quebec, in 1775. Passing the three villages of GLASGOW, SAUGERTIES, and BRISTOL, you arrive at the town of CATSKILL. There is nothing very remarkable in this village, although its general aspect is interesting; the inhabitants are almost exclusively Dutch. It owes its importance to its being the landing place of those who visit the Kaatsbergs or Catskill Mountains, distant twelve miles from the village, and form a part of the Appalachian range or Alleghanies, that extend from Maine to Georgia. The most interesting route to these mountains is through the Clove, or "Cleft Cloof," as the Dutch call it, a deep ravine between two ranges of gigantic rocks, covered with pines and firs, through which the Catskill Creek flows. The scenery here is picturesque, wild, and sublime in the highest degree. Following on through this mountain pass you at length arrive at a large table rock, on which stands the Mountain House, a spacious and magnificent Hotel, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length. On approaching this house from the rear, you find yourself suddenly on the edge of an immense precipice, with the most enchanting picture stretched out before you, that it is possible to conceive. A seemingly endless variety of fields and forests, farms and cities, waters and islands, is spread out, as on a boundless map. Immediately beneath, the silver Hudson, with its little specks of Islands, is seen meandering through hill and dale, while the distant horizon is skirted by the highlands of Connecticut and Massachusetts to the right, and on the left by the Green Mountains of Vermont. This view has been compared by those who have seen both, with that from the summit of Vesuvius, over the Bay of Naples and



ANTHONY. SC.

FLAT ROCK TUNNEL.



GARRISON'S TUNNEL.

the adjacent coasts: in feature they are unlike, but in character the same. A celebrated European traveller, in speaking of this delightful spot, confesses she would rather have omitted visiting the Hawk's Nest, the Prairies, the Mississippi, and even Niagara itself, than the Catskill Mountains.

At sunrise the view is singularly beautiful. As the light first bursts over the horizon the whole scene is enveloped with a dense white vapor, which, as the sun ascends, is gradually broken, and assuming every variety of the most brilliant hues and fantastic shapes, passes into higher regions of the atmosphere, and finally becomes dissipated altogether. The brilliant landscape then gradually reveals its multifarious beauties, looking like some new creation bursting into birth, or indeed, more like enchantment than a reality. These vapors are often seen to float over the vast landscape during some days preceding rain; they rise out of the Mohawk valley and ascending into a higher strata of the atmosphere, become condensed into a palpable cloud, thus disclosing the wonderful operations and chemistry of nature. During a storm the aspect is intensely interesting; while dark volumes of cloud eclipse all from the view: suddenly the electric flash is seen to issue from their midst, illuminating the whole scene, and the peals of thunder may be heard beneath, reverberating among the surrounding rocks; while above smiles the clear cloudless sky. Sometimes, however, there is a terrific grandeur and sublimity about the mountain storm, when it howls and sweeps around the lofty peaks, some of which rise to the elevation of nearly four thousand feet, as if in furious madness.

"To stand upon the beetling verge, and see

Where storm and lightning, from that huge grey wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the winds below,
Come up like ocean murmurs."

A year or two ago a tremendous storm tore up numerous lofty pines all over the rocky forest. The average state of the Thermometer at this elevation is about twenty degrees below that of New York. The mountain called Round Top, the highest of the range, measures about four thousand feet in height. At a short distance from the Hotel may be seen the Kanterskill Falls, which leap down a perpendicular precipice of one hundred and eighty feet, and then glide away through a channel it has worn in the rock to a second descent of eighty feet. Below this it is lost in the dark ravine beneath. Standing on the edge of the first ledge of rock, you look into a dreary chasm, covered with dark ivy and thickest foliage. Descending by a circuitous footpath down the rocks, you enter an immense natural amphitheatre behind the cascade. The effect here is imposing beyond description. High above your head projects a magnificent ceiling of smooth rock—before you the foaming waters come dashing down, casting the silver

spray around, while far beneath, the wild mountain dell, in its terrific gloom, contrasts with the clear blue of the vaulted sky above. The scene of the inimitable tale of Rip Van Winkle is laid in this dell; the indentation of the stone on which his head reposed for twenty years is shown to visitors, as well as the tree which in its growth during that time had lifted his gun far above his reach. To imbibe the full spirit of its conceptions, this amusing relation should be perused in this mountain dell and near the indented rock. As you tread these mountain passes, the mind is insensibly carried back to those days of wild romance, when the Indian ranged at will, this forest wild. Numerous war instruments, arrows and remains, have been found on some of the neighboring mountains.

[Here we introduce a delightful Indian legend from the genial pen of Washington Irving, which we copy from the "*Home Book of the Picturesque*," a magnificent work of Art, published by Putnam of this City.]

"The Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River Mountains, derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the Catamounts by which they were infested: and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still to be found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden excepting by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation, and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

"The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from south-west to north-east, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras Nature still reigns in indomitable wildness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country, resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of common-place determined otherwise.

"The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospheric effects which constitute one of the great charms of Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy-land. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then—we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous.

Among the passengers on the sloop was a veteran L.ian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master-spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured in my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospheric phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of these vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet

to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonder-land. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New Amsterdam. During the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft there was a meeting between the Director of the New Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk nation, to conclude a treaty of peace. On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adriaen Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them in so doing made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted the notice of Kieft and his learned companion, who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it, and took it back with them to New Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Johannes De la Montagne, an eminent Huguenot doctor of medicine, one of the counsellors of the New Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put in a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto yielded two pieces of gold, worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the



WEST POINT ACADEMY.



CADET,—WEST POINT.

Mohawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place where the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, excepting that it was somewhere on the Catskill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucketful of ore. Like the former specimen it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye-witness of the process and its result, and records the whole in his description of the New Netherlands.

"William Kieft now despatched a confidential agent, one Arent Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached her port. All on board perished.

"In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft embarked, on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore; from which he doubtless indulged golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasures were swallowed in the waves.

"Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills; but another one of similar import succeeds. In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again rumors of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent, thirty feet deep; the farm-house and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaers-

wyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Potentate of the New Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New Amsterdam.

"We have met with no record of any further attempt to get at the treasures of the Catskill; adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as if they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather.

"That gold and silver ore was actually procured from these mountains in days of yore, we have historical evidence to prove, and the recorded word of Adriaen Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye-witness. If gold and silver were once to be found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed, and some daring adventurer, fired with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson."

The next point of interest is GERMANTOWN, about thirty miles below Albany. In 1710 seventy of the Palatines, sent out by Queen Anne, settled on this spot, then part of the Livingston manor. In 1725, pursuant to an arrangement entered into between George I. and the proprietor, this tract was granted to the persons belonging to East Camp, as the settlement was called. The settlement first commenced by three small lodges, named respectively, after the superintendent of each, as "Weiser's Dorf," "Kneisker's Dorf," names now fallen into disuse.

Hudson City is the capitol of Columbia County. It derived its name from Hendrick Hudson, who on the 16th of September, 1609, anchored at this spot, which has since borne his name. Some suppose the navigator extended his explorations up the river as far as Albany, and even to the Mohawk, but the prevailing belief inclines to the contrary, and limits his discoveries to this location. The basis rock of the precincts is transition carboniferous slate, upon which are imposed several ridges, containing secondary limestone, abounding with animal remains. The compact portion of the city lies upon argillaceous marl, in horizontal strata, containing a considerable portion of sulphate of magnesia. In front of the principal street is a promontory of siliceous slate, projecting into the river in a bold cliff, whose summit is more than sixty feet above the surface of the water. It has been formed into an agreeable promenade, commanding a beautiful view of the river, the town of Athens, and the country on the opposite shore, bounded by the distant Catskills, which blend with the nearer hills of "Rorabach," or Mount Merino; while at your feet is seen the Hudson River Railroad, winding its way along over either bay, which surrounds the promontory.

Travellers passing through the city to Lebanon Springs, should not fail to pay a visit to Prospect Hill. As you ascend on the eastern side, passing through the Burying Ground, you instinctively pause as you enter it, to cast your eye over the country beneath. Among objects that attract the gaze, is a chaste and beautiful marble monument, which marks the spot where sleeps the dust of Lieut. WILLIAM H. ALLEN, who was killed by pirates off the Island of Cuba, while in command of the U. S. vessel of war, Alligator. When you arrive at the summit of this beautiful eminence, commanded by Beecraft Mountain, there is a fine view of the river, the Catskill Mountains, and an extent of country for grandeur and variety scarcely surpassed in any part of our land. Portions of Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania, are seen from this singularly located hill. It also affords an almost entire view of Columbia County. The hill is about two hundred feet high, rising with a uniform smooth surface, and falls off in the south-east to a low meadow, which divides it from the North end of the mountain.

Few cities in this country have sent into the arena of public life more distinguished men than Hudson, and well may they cherish, as they do, with pride, the recollection of their names. It is also the birthplace of Gen. WORTH, who won imperishable laurels during the Mexican campaign.

Passing ATHENS on the West, and the City of Hudson on the East, you arrive in succession at the following small villages:—COLUMBIACVILLE, situated on Kinderhook Creek, (the birthplace of ex-President Van Buren,) and the site of several

Indian wars with the Dutch. STOCKPORT stands on a high table land, about a mile and half wide, descending on the East gently to the valley of the Claverack and Kinderhook Creeks, which unite near the centre of the town. In breaking through the high bank of the river, these streams have falls of together nearly one hundred and sixty feet in three miles, and this water power has given rise to several manufacturing villages. COXSACKIE, NEW BALTIMORE, and COEYMANS, all of which are flourishing villages. The river here loses its character for boldness, numerous small islands intersecting its course, and its beautiful green shores rising on each side in gentle acclivities into the interior. The channel now begins to be very shoal and narrow.

About four miles from Albany commence the Overslaugh bars. These are deposits of sand, continually shifting, brought down by the spring floods, and often prove a serious impediment to navigation. CASTLE ISLAND is now in view; it is memorable as having been the site of the first English settlement in 1614. Supposing their insular position would prove a preservation from surprise on the part of the Indians, the "pale faces" little dreamt of a worse casualty which took place in the overflowing of the island by the spring freshet.

GREENBUSH facing Albany, is worthy of notice, as having been a spot devoted to the purposes of military training at the time of the war. The camp ground and barracks, recently

COLD SPRING.





END OF THE HIGHLANDS.

repaired, are worth inspecting. It is important also as being the northern terminus of the Hudson River Railroad; and the western terminus of the Boston and Albany line.

We now reach the ancient City of ALBANY—the oldest city, with one exception, that of Jamestown, Va., in the Union; and as many, who perform the passage of the Hudson, make this the terminus of their trip, we shall loiter about its streets in quest of whatever may tempt the curiosity of the visitor. Albany being the Capitol of the State of New York, naturally merits more than a passing notice; and we shall be excused for dilating a little upon its memorabilia.

Albany, which is built upon an acclivity, as seen from the river, presents an imposing aspect. It exhibits something of an oriental appearance, in consequence of the gilded domes of its public buildings, which gleam in the sun's ray like burnished gold. This venerable city has been at various times canonically christened, Beverwyck, and Williamstadt, and by the Indians it was called "Shaunagh-ta-da," or once the Pine Plains. It was founded by the Dutch in 1623. Some emigrants from Holland, however, settled here as early as 1610. Its existing name was given in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, on the surrender of the Fort to the English under Col. Carteret in 1664. The march of improvement has left but few remains of the "olden time" in Albany. Here and there a solitary Dutch brick house, with its high peaked roof and turreted gable turned to the street, may however, still be seen. The site upon which Fort Orange was erected in 1617, is now occupied by the Fort Orange Hotel. The Capitol, in State Street, is a noble stone edifice, one hundred and fifteen feet in front, and is an imposing looking structure and the crowning glory of the city. Among other public buildings, the Museum, the Academy, Lyceum, Stanwix Hall, and the City Hall, which is built of marble, and surmounted by a beautifully gilded dome, the only one it is believed in America, are the most important. There is also a new State Hall to the North of the City Hall, and the new Exchange. The old State House in State Street is a building of antique appearance, but not otherwise remarkable. Albany contains between twenty and thirty churches, some of which are very elegant. Albany has perhaps, more than any other city of the United States, witnessed the pomp and circumstance of war, from the early contests of the Indians

and Dutch, down to the war of the revolution. In North Pearl Street is situated the old house in which Lafayette held his head-quarters, and which he recognised in his late visit, by the ancient and peculiar brass knocker on the door, which is still to be seen. In the neighborhood are to be seen Kidd's Cave and Stone Ridge, commanding a fine view. A few miles below the city, are the Falls of Tivoli, the Falls at Greenbush, and the old Harrowgate Spring. Above Albany is an immense sheet of water enclosed by a wall, called the Basin, and which is about three-quarters of a mile in length; it is connected with the Erie Canal.

There are two routes, one via Schenectady, the other through Troy. The latter, however, includes the most objects of interest, and is generally preferred by tourists. The City of Troy is situated on a rich alluvial plain extending to the river, and is bounded on the East by a range of rising hills. Its houses are remarkably neat, and the streets running North and South, converge together at the North end of the city, and are crossed at right angles by those running in the direction of East and West. This forms the head of the river navigation. At this city is the celebrated Female Academy, under the charge of Mrs. Willard. On the opposite shore stands the United States Arsenal, at Gibbonsville; and near to this, also, is the Shaker Village. This sect was originated by Anna Lee, a religious enthusiast, who was born in England some time anterior to the Revolutionary War. Although in early life, herself the wife of a poor blacksmith, the principal tenet of her creed is absolute and entire celibacy. Their name indicates their mode of worship, which is accompanied by shaking or jumping. They profess to have the gift of tongues and miracles, and to live apart from the world, in all the stern asceticism of the most rigid monastic life.

Again on the eastern shore, at a distance of three miles, is LANSINGBURGH. A high hill rises abruptly behind the village, on which is seen the celebrated Diamond Rock, which is said to emit a brilliant lustre from the reflected rays of the sun. At the North end of the village a handsome bridge extends across the Hudson to the village of WATERFORD, which is at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers. About a mile from Waterford, in a south-westerly direction, a bridge crosses the Mohawk, and affords a fine view of the Cohoes Falls. The



VIEW OF NEW HAMBURGH FROM THE TOP OF THE TUNNEL.

descent of the rapids is about thirty feet, and the perpendicular fall is forty, and their width is about one thousand feet. The lofty barrier of rocks which confine the course of the Mohawk, and the roar of the cataract as it dashes its silver spray, contrasts vividly with the wild solitude around, and give to the whole scene an aspect of sublimity and grandeur. An old tradition states that a chief of the Mohawks, in attempting to cross in his canoe, embarked too near the current of the falls to escape their descent. Finding himself unable to resist the influence of the tide which was hurrying him rapidly to the brink, with true Indian heroism he turned his canoe into the stream, assumed his station at the helm, and with his paddle in one hand and his bottle in the other, suffered himself to be precipitated over the precipice.

There is a path leading to within a few feet of the cascade, which affords a very picturesque view. Passing Van Schaick's Island, and Mechanicsville, you arrive at Ballston Spa. This pleasant village lies in a low valley, through the centre of which flows a branch of the Kayaderoseras. Ballston Spa derives its celebrity from its Mineral Spring; the most important of these is Sans Souci Spring. There are many excellent Boarding Houses, Hotels, &c., here. The principal ingredients of these waters as well as those of Saratoga consist of muriate of soda, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, magnesia and iron. About six miles from the village is Ballston Lake, which is five miles long and one in width. A few years ago, a small image of a man, made of bone, with garnets for eyes, was found near one of these springs, bearing a strong resemblance to those discovered in the western mounds by Mr. Atwater. The Saratoga Springs are about seven miles distant. These are very numerous and are celebrated for their medicinal properties, and are sent all over the world. The village contains several Hotels and handsome edifices. There are many pleasant drives in the neighborhood, one of the most delightful is to Hadley Falls, and to Saratoga Lake, about fourteen miles distant. The scenery



VIEW OF POUGHKEEPSIE.

adjacent is highly picturesque and romantic. These are the most fashionable places of resort in the United States during the summer months. A short distance from the town of Saratoga, is Schuylerville, celebrated as being the spot where Gen. Burgoyne surrendered to the American forces in October, 1777. The place of the surrender is marked by the ruins of a small entrenchment, called Fort Hardy. The battle-ground on which was decided the fate of the British army, lies about eight miles further down the river, at a place called Bemus' Heights. The two actions which preceded the surrender of the British army took place here. The period between the 19th of September and the second engagement, which was on the 7th of October, was one of intense anxiety to the British. Not a day passed without the death of some officer or soldier, shot by the American scouts and marksmen. And at this moment, when they were most of all needed, their Indian allies deserted them, being disappointed in the hopes of plunder, as well as by the notice which Gen. Burgoyne was in honor obliged to take of the cruel massacre of Miss McCrea.

A little to the North of Fort Edward, on the West side of the road, the traveller is shown a large pine tree, with a spring near its foot, memorable as being the spot where this tragedy took place. Miss McCrea was betrothed to Mr. Jones, an American refugee who was in Burgoyne's army. Anxious for a union with his intended bride, he despatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British Camp. Against the remonstrance of her friends, she committed herself to the charge of these Indians. She was placed on horseback, and accompanied by her guides as far as the spring in question, where, encountering another party of Indians, sent on the same errand, an altercation ensued between them as to who should claim the promised reward. One drew her, it is affirmed, kneeling and imploring, to him; the other seized her by her long dishevelled hair and buried his tomahawk in her brain. This hapless victim of their fury and revenge, thus in her bridal habiliments horribly butchered, was left bleeding in the woods, while her scalp only was torn off by the horrid monsters, which they exhibited to her agonized lover. He is said to have survived the shock but a short time, and to have died of a broken heart. The name of Miss McCrea is inscribed on the tree, with the date, 1777. Her remains were disinterred a few years since, and deposited in the church-yard of Sandy Hill. This painful event excited the most intense sympathy throughout both the contending armies.

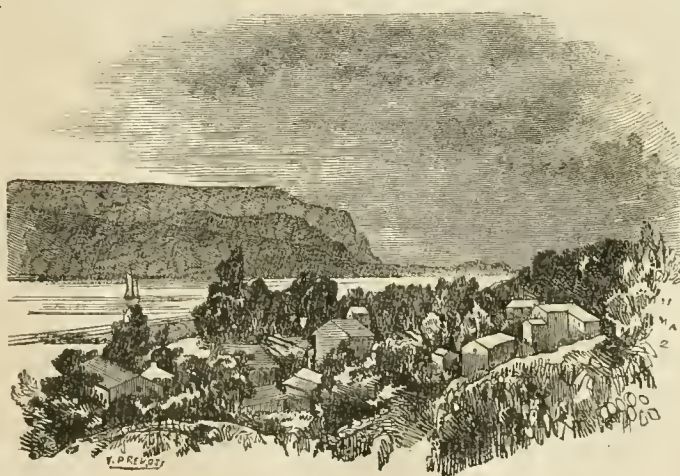
On the 7th of October, as the Royal Army was commencing the action, the Americans being in readiness to repulse the attack, the engagement soon became general,—a tremendous fire ensued. After a contest of the most sanguinary kind, which lasted a great part of the afternoon, victory was at length decided in favor of the American Army, the British leaving many of their senior officers wounded or slain upon the field, and several pieces of artillery, retreated. The defeat was signal. Articles of surrender were signed at Saratoga on the 17th. The British, who not long before had advanced in such overwhelming numbers, and who had hitherto achieved so much, were now conducted to Albany, mournful captives. A rampart, crowned with a rail fence, stretching from the foot of Bemus' Heights to the Hudson River, formed a part of the American entrenchments. After the battle, a sentinel stationed here, at the edge of the river, observed a boat put ashore under a flag of truce, and a beautiful lady, with her attendants, ascend the banks. This was Lady Harriet Ackland, whose husband was wounded and a prisoner in the American camp. With a heroism almost unparalleled, she had followed him from place to place in the midst of the campaign, and now on a stormy night, not knowing into whose hands she might fall, she came to ascertain his fate. She was escorted with the respect due to her rank to the house which the British army used as their hospital, known in the neighborhood as the house where Gen. Fraser, a favorite British officer, died, here she received a letter of introduction from General Burgoyne to General Gates. Here the Baroness de Reidesel, with her three infant children, who had also accompanied her husband through all the horrors of war, occupied a room. The other rooms of this hospital were filled with the wounded. In one an unfortunate soldier, lying on a table for the purpose of having one of his

legs amputated, a cannon ball passed through the house and carried away the other. His attendants flying to the cellar for safety, left the miserable man to perish; when none dared to fetch water from the river, a soldier's wife boldly ventured to the shore, at whom the Americans, out of respect, did not fire. For this heroic disinterestedness, she was afterwards handsomely rewarded.

Passing SANDY HILL on the route to Lake George, you arrive at Glen's Falls. These are formed by the waters of the Hudson, which flow in one sheet over the brink of the precipice, but are immediately divided by the rocks into three channels. The height of these Falls is sixty-three feet, though the water flows in an angular descent of nearly five hundred feet. Below the Falls is a long cave in the rocks, extending from one channel to the other. There are extensive quarries of black and variegated marble in the vicinity.

JESSUP'S FALLS are about ten miles higher up the Hudson. The scenery here is highly interesting and romantic. The descent of these Falls, which are perpendicular embrace the whole width of the river, which is about one hundred feet.

Three miles distant is the village of CALDWELL, bordered on the East by a range of hills, the highest of which, called Prospect Hill, commands an extensive and diversified view of the country. Beside this village is Lake George, which, apart from the interest of its historical associations, is peculiarly attractive, and no less so from its beautiful and romantic scenery. The whole length of the Lake is thirty-six miles. Its waters are discharged into Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga by an outlet which, at the distance of two miles, falls one hundred and eighty feet. This Lake is celebrated for the number of its small islands, which is said to equal the number of days in the year, and for the transparency of its waters. The border scenery is generally mountainous—some of these mountains measure one thousand five hundred feet in height. On one of these stands Fort George. Near the southern shore are the ruins of an old fortification, called Fort William Henry. Three sanguinary engagements took place here in 1755, between the English, under Sir William Johnson, and the French, under command of Baron Dieskau. In 1757, this Fort contained a garrison of three thousand men, under command of Col. Munroe. The Marquis de Montcalm, after three attempts to besiege the fort, reinforced his army to ten thousand men and summoned Col. Munroe to surrender, which being refused, a furious attack was commenced; after which the English capitulated. The terms of capitulation which were honorably defined, were shamefully violated by their Indian allies, who massacred the whole garrison, excepting a small remnant, who made their escape to Fort Edward. This spot was also the scene of embarkation of General Abercrombie, who, in 1758, descended the Lake with an army of fifteen thousand men for an attack on Ticonderoga. Fort George, also a ruin, stands on an eminence a little farther South. This Fort was General Burgoyne's depot for stores. Ten miles from Caldwell, down to the Lake, are a range of mountains possessed by a celebrated hunter, as a Deer Pasture—vast numbers were taken here annually.



HYDE PARK.



TIVOLI.

At CHESTER may be seen a natural bridge, and several caverns, subterranean passages and a precipice sixty feet high. On its West side and a little beyond is Black Mountain, measuring two thousand two hundred and twenty feet in height. Opposite to the latter, is Half-way Island. A short distance North of this is some of the finest mountain scenery on the continent. The mountains exhibit an undulating appearance, thickly studded with pines and firs, and interspersed with deep and almost impenetrable caverns. The projection of the main land on the West side, is called Sabbath Day Point, from its being the place on which the English troops landed on the Sabbath, during the French war. It is also the spot on which a sanguinary battle was fought with the Indians, when the English having no chance of escape, were all massacred. About six miles onward, is the celebrated spot where Col. Rogers escaped from the Indians during the French war, called Rogers' Slide. The descent is an angle of about twenty-five degrees over a tolerably smooth rock, two hundred feet in height. The Colonel who had been a great foe to the Indians, was nearly surrounded by them on the top of the mountain, and found no other means of escape, than to slide down the precipice. It being winter and he having snow shoes on his feet, he landed safely on the ice. The Indians afterwards saw him, but supposing no human being could have made the descent, and that he must of course be supernatural, they concluded that it was not only useless, but even dangerous to follow him. On the opposite shore stands a rock called Antony's Nose, from its singular shape. About two miles beyond is Prisoner's Island, so called from its having been the place where prisoners were confined during the French war, and directly West is Lord Howe's Point, where Lord Howe, (the brother of the commander of the British forces during the Revolutionary War,) landed immediately previous to the battle of Ticonderoga in which he was killed. About four miles onward in an easterly direction is the fort and ruins of Ticonderoga. This old fort once the scene of so many murderous conflicts between the French and English, and subsequently between the English and the American colonists, now scarcely retains a vestige of its former self. Some fragments of the old walls and parapets however, yet remain. The place is well adapted to natural defence, being surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by what was formerly a natural and almost impassable morass. It is situated on the narrows of Lake Champlain, which is here less than a mile in width, and near the confluence of the stream which flows from Lake George, or as it has been recently called, Lake Horicon. The first fortress was erected by the French as early as 1675, in order to command the passage of Lake George. In 1757 Gen. Abercrombie and Lord Howe, with a force of about seventeen thousand men, including provincial troops under Gen. Putnam, made the first attempt to wrest this stronghold from the French. The French garrison consisted of about six thousand men, including Indians. The British troops attempted to cut their way with their swords, exposed all the while to a direct and murderous fire from the breastwork, which was eight feet

nigh, lined with artillery, and an abattis in front, composed of trees branching outwards, while the enemy were completely shielded by the strength of their fortifications. After continuing the attack for upwards of four hours, General Abercrombie was obliged to withdraw his troops, with the loss of one thousand eight hundred killed and wounded, and two thousand five hundred stands of arms, which fell into the enemy's hands. The next attempt of the English to capture this Fort was more successful. In July, 1759, General Amherst, with twelve thousand men took the fortress, which was about the time that General Wolfe took Quebec.

On the breaking out of the American Revolution, Colonel Ethan Allen, entering by a subterranean passage, which is still to be seen, again took possession of the Fort. It fell into the hands of the British again, who retained it till the close of the campaign, which resulted in its surrender. There are the remains of another fortification built during the Revolutionary War still remaining farther South, on the point adjoining the Lake. The walls next to the Lake are nearly sixty feet high. Other engagements also took place here, but it is difficult now to realize in traversing its cultivated fields and peaceful solitudes, that it was once the scene of such sanguinary contests.

The ancient City of SCHENECTADY, according to tradition, seems to have been long before the knowledge of it by Europeans, the head-quarters of the powerful tribe of the Mohawks who at that time are said to have mustered eight hundred warriors. In 1690, a party of French and their Indian allies from Canada, came in the dead of the night, massacred most of the inhabitants, and burnt every house in the city. There are now several noble buildings erected here: among others is Union College, built on an eminence, a large Hotel, Churches, &c. The city is situated on the northern shore of the beautiful Mohawk River, over which an elegant bridge has been constructed, eight hundred feet in length. Crossing this bridge, the road lies principally along the banks of the Mohawk. The flat regions stretching in the neighborhood of Schenectady, and so completely surrounded by hills, Dr. Mitchell supposed to have been formerly the bed of a wide lake which, as its outlet wore away, has dwindled into the comparatively insignificant Valley of the Mohawk.

AMSTERDAM, sixteen miles distant, is the first village of any magnitude that is reached on the route. It owes its importance to its proximity to the river and the Erie Canal; but its attractions, more especially to the creek which passes through it, and which, within half a mile, in its fall, presents several beautiful cascades. A short distance to the South the road passes round the base of "Tripes Hill," which affords an interesting prospect of the country, including the romantic Valley of the Mohawk, Schoharie Creek, the Erie Canal, and the village of CAUGH-NAWAGA. At "Tripes Hill," or "Tribes Hill," there is an excavation of some magnitude, through solid rock. After passing a beautiful valley, spread out for several miles with fine meadows, the road becomes contracted by bold and lofty mountains, affording, for some distance, scarcely width for the railroad. One of the highest of these mountains, called the *Nose*, contains a cavern of great extent. It is called Mitchell's Cave, or the *Cavern of Canajoharie*, from its proximity to the village of that name. This cave was discovered in 1821. It contains eighteen or twenty apartments. The descent of the whole range is very steep and hazardous. It measures about four hundred and twenty feet below the level of the entrance. The following brief account of a visit to this cave, is from the journal of Mr. Stansbury.

"With a guide, lighted candles, and ropes fastened to an adjoining tree, we prepared to descend. Lowering ourselves twenty-five feet by the rope, we reached the floor of the first room, which was a large, black, and gloomy expansion of secondary lime-stone rock. It was of no regular form, having projections in one part, dismal hollows in another, and narrow water-worn crevices leading to other apartments, which appeared impenetrable. The floor descending vertically, we were obliged to creep upon our hands and feet. The arching of the roof was hung with beautiful pendant stalactites, curling in various forms of glittering icicles and sparry chandeliers, reflecting the light of our candles with astonishing splendor. On the

right a very contracted aperture opened into a lateral chamber, and near it the rippling of a clear fountain sounded musically among the gloomy crevices and apartments. With some difficulty we crept to the lower end of the room, where several other passages branched off in dismal blackness. We again descended forty feet to the floor of a second room, which bore close resemblance to the former, but still more magnificent, although there were no conical stalactites hanging from the ceiling, yet the sides were ornamented by a variety of fanciful figures, some of human beings, caused by the oozings of the water having lime in solution, which produced a very brilliant effect. The floor of this room also was on a steep declivity, and terminated by a narrow passage to a third room, which again bore a resemblance to those already described. Proceeding downwards we found ourselves impeded in our further progress by an extremely narrow and difficult pass. A cord was tied around the body of our guide, who discovered evident signs of reluctance to penetrate further into the horrible abyss. We lowered him down, however, with his candle, the flame of which shone up the winding passage, whilst at intervals his voice was echoed down the terrific chasm, calling on us to lower him or to hold him fast. At length the cord ran out, and he was not near the bottom, upon which he was hauled up, covered with dirt, his arm bleeding, from a wound received by the projection of some of the rocks, looking more than anything else like the ghost of some terrible warrior cited from the grave. Abundance of rock or quartz crystals are found upon the adjacent grounds."

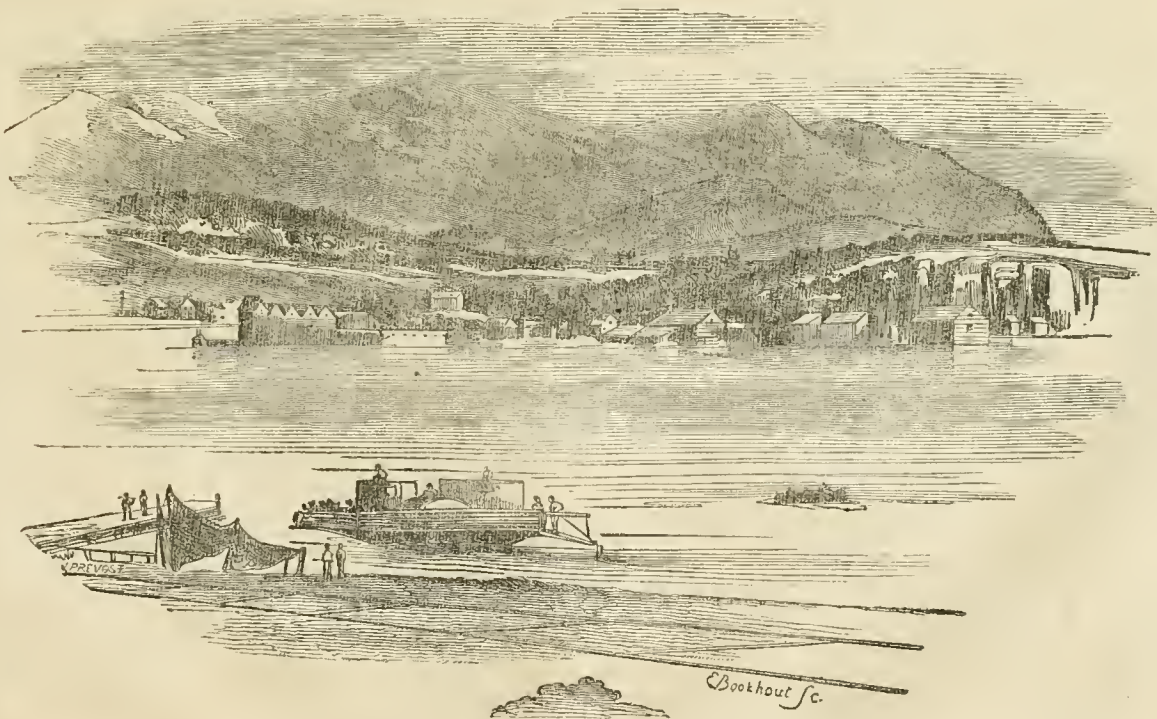
Crossing PALATINE BRIDGE, upon Garoga Creek, the valley becomes more contracted between a rocky barrier of great height, not very dissimilar in appearance to the Palisades of the Hudson. Fragments of huge, colossal rocks are here piled up in wild confusion, while the beautiful stream of the Mohawk now calmly flows along its deep sequestered vallies, or dashes in wild and terrific grandeur over its precipitous and craggy chasms. As you proceed to LITTLE FALLS, all at once the descending current with its fleecy foam, comes tumbling impetuously down from every fissure of the immense rocks, heaped high and imminent about the falls, which are covered with tall hickories, maples and pines, proudly shaking their branches upon the airy heights, while luxuriant shrubs and bushes lie scattered along the verdant margin of the deep and rugged glen beneath. These mountains are a continuation of the Katsbergs. In this scene, where the rude but magnificent

works of nature, are so profusely displayed, the imagination is overpowered by their sublimity, and the proudest works of art in the comparison, lose themselves in almost utter insignificance. Even the Canal, cut upon the mighty and enduring precipice—the road entrenched upon the mountain side and the substantial Aequeduct locks and gates all seem unimportant, surrounded as they are by the magnificence and sublimity of these everlasting hills. After leaving the Little Falls of the Mohawk a delightful plain stretches about seven miles, which is called the GERMAN FLATS, which leads to the village of HERKIMER, so called after a brave General of that name, who was killed at the battle of Oriskany. During the French wars this was the scene of much sanguinary warfare.

WEST CANADA CREEK, on which are the celebrated Trenton Falls, enters the Mohawk river, about half a mile East of the village, and is passed near its mouth, by a well constructed bridge. A distressing accident occurred here a few years since. A young man in company with a party visiting one of these cascades, called Sherman's Falls, incautiously stepping into the rapids, they irresistibly carried him over the falls.

The river here passes through a dark rocky chasm of considerable length, presenting a beautiful variety of rapids, eddies, and cascades. There are numerous marine petrification and organic remains to be found here. About five miles onward stands the village of FRANKFORT. The beautiful city of Utica, now gradually bursts upon the view.

UTICA occupies the site of old Fort Schuyler, celebrated in the annals of the Revolutionary War. It is situated on the right or South bank of the Mohawk. The ruins of this Fort may yet be seen, between the eastern extremity of Main Street and the river. This city was first settled in 1784. The streets here are regularly laid out, diverging in all directions, down the valley of the Mohawk to Schenectady, westward to Buffalo, to the vallies of the Delaware and Susquehannah to the South, and northward to Sacketts' Harbor. Utica also contains numerous elegant Hotels, private dwellings, public institutions, stores, &c. Numerous country seats and farms surround this city, which present a varied and richly cultivated landscape. Within a few miles, in a westerly direction, are Whitesborough, the York Mills, Clinton Village, containing Hamilton College, and Rome. The last named occupies the site of the celebrated Fort Stanwix. This fort was commanded in 1777 by Col. Gansevoort, when Col. St. Leger with a party from Burgoyne's army and numerous Indians, suddenly sur-



VIEW OF CATSKILL LANDING FROM OAKHILL.



HUDSON.

rounded it and caused its surrender. The former, however, in connection with Gen. Herkimer and Arnold, compelled St. Leger again to evacuate the fort, leaving behind him all the stores and artillery.

Following the usual track and passing the villages of New Hartford, Manchester and Vernon, the next object of interest is Oneida Castle, which formerly was occupied by the Oneida and Tuscarora Indians. They, like most other Indian tribes have since gone to the "Far West." Passing an elevated track, a chain of lofty mountains is seen stretching along the horizon to the North. Here also are immense and almost impenetrable forests. About six miles farther on, is Chittenango, situated on a creek of that name. Here are to be seen numerous specimens of petrifications. These incrustations are formed by various springs, which issue from the sides of a hill in the vicinity of the village.

Adjacent to the village of JAMESVILLE is Green Pond. Its depth is about two hundred feet, and is so called from the color of its waters, which emit a strong smell of sulphur. About four miles beyond, is Onondaga Hollow, a beautiful valley, through which the creek of that name passes. A considerable settlement of the Onondaga Indians once occupied the spot, about three miles to the South of this, where grand councils of the Six Nations were held. In this town, at Pompey and Camillus, are some extensive ancient fortifications and vestiges of towns, supposed to be of great antiquity. Other remarkable ruins are situated on the east bank of the Chenango River, near the village of Oxford. There are also others near Auburn, Canandaigua, and Seipio, and several between the Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. Near the Tonawanda Creek, some interesting antiquities are described by Dr. Kirkland, consisting of two forts, occupying from four to eight acres each, which are supposed to have enclosed the ancient towns. This place is called by the Senecas, Tegataineagahque, or double fortified town. Here were also discovered the remains of a funeral pile of about six feet elevation, through which numerous human bones appeared. Although these remains are more thickly scattered over the territory once occupied by the celebrated tribes of the Six Nations, from whence some might suppose them to be of Indian origin, it is yet the opinion of other learned writers, that they must be of a far anterior construction. Eastman in his history of this State, considers that these antiquities afford sufficient evidence of the remote existence of a vast population in a far more advanced state of civilization than has ever been known to have obtained among the Indian tribes.

About eight miles from Onondaga Hill, situated in the valley of the Otisco Creek, is MARCELLUS. Two miles to the North of this are falls of about seventy feet, near which, water-lime or cement is to be found in great abundance; also a beautiful petrification of trees partly covered with lime-stone.

SKANEATELES, a neat village, is about six miles beyond. Here again are to be seen picturesque cascades, which are precipitated over rocky bluffs, about seventy feet. The city of

Auburn, on the Owaseo Creek, is about seven miles distant from Skaneateles. Auburn derives much of its importance from the numerous manufactories and mills which are in its vicinity. It contains many public buildings, among the most important of which is the State Prison, which is considered one of the most complete in the Union. So admirable has been the discipline of this prison, that a large portion of the convicts discharged have, on their release, become honest and industrious men. The system adopted here is similar to that of the prison at Sing Sing.

About seven miles to the West, is the Village and Lake of CAYUGA. The scenery here is very beautiful, especially along the banks of the Lake. Several mineral springs, having a sulphurous crust about the stones which surround them, are to be seen. These sulphur springs produce sulphate of lime or gypsum in great abundance, which is conveyed by the great Canal over a large extent of country. It is remarkable that the level plains between this and Lake Erie present, beneath the alluvion, first a layer of lime, variously combined, containing shells and fossil remains; then another of massive slate, under which beds of sand-stone are to be seen in the deep ravines and chasms. For the number of its lakes, as well as its mountains, rivers and waterfalls, the State of New York may be considered as unrivalled by any other in the United States. In pursuing only the ordinary beaten route, the tourist loses much that is interesting and picturesque in this vicinity.

"The Falls of Fall River, near ITHACA," says a modern tourist, "are seen on entering the Village from the steamboat landing. Its height is one hundred and sixteen feet, with proportionate breadth. Two immense piles of rocks enclose the stream, and on the right hand, high up the bank, a mill-race is seen winding round an acute angle in the rocks, suspended in mid-air, and now and then an adventurous visitor carefully treading his way along the dizzy path. This raceway was built in an extraordinary way. A person let himself down from a tree standing on a high point above, and swinging over the giddy steep, he there dug out places in the rock in which to fasten the principal supporters of the race. The view from this point is grand and impressive. A short distance from this, up the rocky bed of the creek, the visitor proceeds until his steps are arrested by another splendid Fall, the bank presenting the most curious forms and the most surprising strata. This Fall, though not so high as the preceding, is more beautiful and wild. The raceway has gone to ruin, and instead, a tunnel has been excavated, which is equally worth inspection. The Fall of these waters within one mile is said to be four hundred and thirty-eight feet. On the Six Mile Creek, and also the Five Mile Creek, are to be found some exceedingly beautiful and romantic falls and cascades. They are to be seen near the village. That known as the Taghcanic, is perhaps the most deserving of notice, its descent is two hundred and sixty-two feet, perpendicular, terminating in a beautiful ravine—the width of the stream is about sixty feet. The steamer leaves East

Cayuga every day. A projected ship canal, uniting Cayuga Lake and Sodus Bay, is in progress, and will give, when completed, great natural advantages to the adjacent village of Montezuma.

The next important place we arrive at in the route to the Falls of Niagara, is ROCHESTER. This City, which has been named Western New York, is one of great trade. It is situated on the Genesee River, and possesses a water communication with New York, Quebec and the great lakes. Near the centre of

name. The largest arch on the whole line of canal is at this place, over which the canal crosses the creek. Nineteen miles farther is the village of Lockport. Here are five double locks on the canal, above which the latter is cut through solid rock a distance of three miles, and about twenty feet in depth. A stage leaves this place for Niagara, the distance to the American Fall being about thirty miles. BLACK ROCK, on the West bank of the river, is three miles to the East of Buffalo. This beautiful city is situated on the junction of Lake Erie and the Canal, and being the great thoroughfare to the Falls of Niagara and the Canadas, is one of great resort and importance. The hotels here are of the first order. Stages for Chippewa Village, passing round Grand Island, leave Buffalo every morning. Opposite Black Rock is the Village of WATERLOO, on the Canada side, which is accessible by a ferry. The cataracts of Niagara are situated partly in Canada and the State of New York; they are first approached from the latter. It is impossible, adequately to portray, in words, the majestic beauty and sublimity of the scene which is here presented to the eye of the spectator. Imagine the broad and mighty waters of an immense river, a mile in width, rushing impetuously over a perpendicular rocky palisade one hundred and sixty feet high, and the consequent agitation of its foaming waters, its tremendously grand and never-ceasing roar, the curious anomaly of its radiant bow beaming in all its rich variety of hue, and the majestic complacency of the surrounding rocks and aged pines which seem to rear themselves as in mockery of the fiat which has doomed all sublunary things to decay and death; imagine all this, and you form some faint idea of the vastness and splendor of the magnificent Niagara. To enjoy the various views afforded by the American and Canadian Falls, it will be desirable to seek a guide, and one may easily be met with at the hotels. These Falls are situate about twenty miles from Lake Erie, and fourteen from Ontario. The Niagara River unites the waters of both of the above Lakes. The Horseshoe Fall is of a curved form, and measures one hundred and fifty-eight feet, while that of the American side is somewhat concave and descends to a depth of one hundred and sixty-four feet. Table Rock is generally considered the most eligible spot to command a view of the Falls, since it forms a projection of about fifty feet. There is a descent from the rocks by an enclosed circular staircase which leads to the passage behind the great sheet of water, called cave of *Æolus*, it is fifty feet wide and a hundred feet high. A guide is necessary here as also a dress prepared for the purpose. The scene is the most sublime from Termination Rock, so named from its being the furthest approachable spot from which a panoramic view can be obtained. The Album kept at the hotel contains an amusing collection of poetic effusions and impromptus, &c., on viewing the Falls. The bridge thrown across the rapids about one quarter of a mile above the Falls, leads to Bath Island, which is also connected by another to Goat Island—also Brig Island, which is similarly united, and is in the form of the main and quarter-decks of a brig. On Goat Island is the stair case, and from its elevation the celebrated Sam Patch leaped in 1829, being one hundred and eighteen feet, into the water below. A noble view is commanded by this platform of the Falls and surrounding scenery. Terrapin Bridge is now only safely accessible as far as the Tower, to which it leads, although it extends ten feet over the Falls.

About three miles below the Falls there may be seen, especially at low water, the curious phenomenon of a whirlpool, caused by a sudden turn in the channel of the waters. About one mile further onward is a precipice called Devil's Hole, supposed to have once been the site of a cataract. Lastly, from the roof and piazzas of the Pavilion Hotel, a beautiful view is to be obtained of the Falls. It is computed that during an hour about one thousand six hundred millions of cubic feet of water pass over these Falls.



the town is an aqueduct built upon eleven arches of hewn stone, upwards of eight hundred feet in length. About eighty rods from the city are the Great Falls, ninety-seven feet high. It was here the celebrated jumper, Sam Patch, made his last leap, in 1829. It is said he precipitated himself from an elevation of one hundred and seventy-five feet, being from a scaffolding erected on the projecting Table Rock. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness the daring, and as it proved, fatal exploit. Passing onward a distance of forty-four miles, is Oak Orchard. It is located on a creek of that

For a description of the Canadas and surrounding country, as well as more ample details respecting the Falls of Niagara, the tourist is referred to the numerous Guide Books published on the spot, as well as at Albany and elsewhere. Brock's monument, erected some time since to the memory of the gallant Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in an engagement with the Americans in 1812, has since been partially destroyed; the shaft was one hundred and twenty-six feet, and it was intended to have placed a statue of the General on its summit. Many neighboring places are worthy of inspection by the visitor. Youngstown, about half a mile from the mouth of the river; also, Fort Niagara, Lewiston, Lundy's Lane, Fort George, &c., have all become places of historic interest—in fact, to the American, "classic ground."

But here we are compelled, reluctantly, to close our rambling and desultory notes, which portray but too feebly the interesting localities they severally indicate, and which have indeed already extended beyond their prescribed limits. At parting, we need only suggest to the reader the forcible lines of Brainerd on that "crowning wonder of the New World," the

fame of which has attracted pilgrim feet from all parts of the civilized globe.

"It would seem
As if God poured thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters,' and had bade
The flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Or what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to Him
Who drowned the world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might."

For the accommodation of the tourist, we subjoin a brief Table of Distances, from the City of New York, to the leading places of interest on the route to the Falls of Niagara, by Steamboat and Railroad.

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Manhattanville,	8
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Fort Washington,	11
Spyten Duyvel Creek,	13
Yonkers,	17
Hastings,	20
Dobb's Ferry,	22
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Piermont,	25
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Tarrytown,	27
Nyack,	28
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Verplanck's Point,	40
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Hampton,	68
Marlborough,	70
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Poughkeepsie,	74
Hyle Park,	80
Stantsburgh,	85
Rhinebeck,	90
Kingston,	91
Tivoli,	100
Bristol,	103
Catskill,	111
Hudson,	116
Coxsackie,	124
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Kinderhook Landing,	127
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MAP OF THE HUDSON.



By Railroad from Albany to Niagara.

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